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The FLIGHT FOR THE BORDER

By Halliwell Sutcliffe

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NONE knew just the way of it, but all the folk in Marshcotes and Long Crag had gathered some hint about young 'Squire Cunliffe, of the Heights, and his wooing. And some shook their heads wisely, and said that the lad ought to have a more proper pride than to go speering after a maid so far above him in station; while others shook their heads just as wisely, and said that the Cunliffes had better blood in them than all the D'Arcys that ever stepped. But neither band of wiseacres guessed how well the young 'Squire's suit was speeding, until that famous ride for Gretna set all the Northern counties gaping with wonder at the strange fashion of it.

Now the D'Arcys were a very young race, as we count old blood in Marshcotes. Sir Marmaduke, for all the sham splendor of his christened name, would have been hard put to it if a man had asked him to name his own great-grandfather; and so, as the way of such cattle is, he looked down upon many a sturdy fellow who could have outfaced him alike in birth and breeding.

When 'Squire Cunliffe, a rollicking blade of six-and-twenty, began to ride to Skipton, and across the two miles of pasture that lay between D'Arcy Court and the town, Sir Marmaduke thought nothing of it. The lad's father and he had been good friends, and he had naught to say against the son, and he was glad enough to have him come to the Court for a day's shooting, or a morning's fishing, or a cross-country scamper after hounds.

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But by and by he grew uneasy; there was something altered of late in his daughter's air—a constraint at times, and a needless gayety at times, and a queer mixture of the two whenever young 'Squire Cunliffe rode to Skipton.

So Sir Marmaduke spoke his mind one day to the 'Squire—never waiting, as a man of older breeding would have had wit to do, until he was asked his opinion on the subject of his daughter's hand. He told 'Squire Cunliffe, as plain as words could speak, that the less he came to the Court in future the better it would be for every one; and he added some needless sneers touching young Cunliffe's lowness of birth. Whereupon the lad fired up—remembering his fathers and the debt he owed the family honor—and he threw his glove in Sir Marmaduke's face there and then, and asked no better hospitality from him than a strip of turf, a couple of seconds and two good swords could compass.

The older man repented his hastiness, and would have taken back his hot words had he seen the least loophole open to him for honorable declining. And 'Squire Cunliffe, too, longed dearly to be free of the duel, once he was cool enough to think of all it meant—to ask himself what would Helen say to this.

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But retreat there could be none, and they met in the cool of a July morning, in a lonely field half-way 'twixt Skipton and Marshcotes. And both were good at sword-talk, so that the sun had covered a goodly strip of sky before Sir Marmaduke felt his blade go swirling across the buttercups, and saw 'Squire Cunliffe's sword-point wofully near to the delicate frill of his shirt.

A hundred thoughts were warring in the lad's mind; this upstart fellow had dared to cast mud upon the Cunliffe name—but then, the upstart fellow's daughter was sweet as a milking song in May. He must kill the father, and fill the greedy maw of honor—but then he could not give up Helen, though all the dead Cunliffes came wrapped in winding-sheets to urge him on.

"Pick up your sword, sir," he said, withdrawing his own blade from its itching nearness to Sir Marmaduke's frilled bosom.

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"I—it was a mere chance—what shall I say to you?" stammered the other, relieved, yet sore ashamed.

'Squire Cunliffe wiped a little of the dewy morning from his blade before responding.

"Say?" he said, cool and mocking. "That is for your own good sense to tell you. Come, Ricroft, it is time we bade good-day to these gentlemen." This to his second,

—THEY CROSSED THE TRAIL OF ANOTHER PACK IN FULL CRY; BUT THEY COULD NOT STOP; THROUGH THEM AND OVER THEM THEY RODE

AN OLD TIME GRETNA TALE

With PICTURES By George Gibbs

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scowling at him from the background, to see his chicken-heartedness.

"I have killed a man for kindlier words that he gave thee two days ago," growled Ricroft, as he and the young 'Squire rode home together.

"Aye, but——" began the 'Squire, and stopped just there.

And from all this it will be seen that there was now as little likelihood as might be that 'Squire Cunliffe would ever marry Helen D'Arcy. All other matters apart, a man of Sir Marmaduke's breed would never forgive the lad for worsting him in fight, and thereafter giving him back his life at the grave's edge.

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Neither could 'Squire Cunliffe forget what had passed, and thrice a day he swore to himself that he would think no more of the winsome lass; and this hard persistency in swearing so wrought upon his mind that in the end it drove him contrariwise. He told his Mare Kitty, one fine October morning, that he had urgent business in Skipton, and the mare agreeing thereto with little pretty speech of eye and ears, he rode at more than his usual breakneck pace, down hill and up, until he gained the town. Here he paused, wondering what other business he had than such as lay two miles farther north; and he was in the midst of quieting his shame by inventing some fair-seeming excuse for the morning's folly, when who should ride down the street but young Ralph D'Arcy, Sir Marmaduke's son.

"Good-morning!" cried the boy cheerily, as he espied this old ally of his, who had taught him a fearless seat in the saddle, and ridden with him when first he came in at the death.

So the 'Squire, knowing that he had no quarrel with Ralph, pricked his mare forward, and fell in at the boy's side, and they found so much to talk of on the way that the tower of D'Arcy Court showed through the trees before ever Cunliffe had stopped to ask himself, "What next?"

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"Why do you never ride to see me now?" asked Ralph, seeing his friend grow very quiet on the sudden.

"Because—perhaps I find too much to do in Marshcotes."

"So father said when I asked him; but then, he wore just the same air that you do now, and he would not look me in the face—and I knew he was playing with me. Helen wonders, too. She does nothing but sigh about the house, and take lonely rides, and she is always crying when she thinks no one is near."

"It is time I was back in Skipton," said the 'Squire gruffly. Yet he did not turn Mare Kitty's head, and Ralph took occasion of the silence to proffer a suggestion that he should come to D'Arcy Court.

"And then you and father can make everything straight," he finished; "and Helen will cease crying; and you cannot tell how she spoils her face with rubbing tears away."

"I cannot come," said the 'Squire. "Good-by, Ralph. We must be good friends again some day—I have missed thee lately—but not just yet. I——"

Both were riding past the orchard by this time; and over the privet-hedge 'Squire Cunliffe saw a slim girl, with the clustering fruit above her, and the stillness of a great sorrow in her face.

"There is Helen!" cried the boy, guessing with the queer instinct of his kind that here was the means of

settling the whole matter. "Helen! Helen, I say! I have brought some one to see thee."

The fruits of 'Squire Cunliffe's three-times-a-day hard swearing were scattered to the winds. He brought Mare Kitty close to the privet-hedge, slipped his leg over the saddle and vaulted into the orchard. And Ralph D'Arcy was old enough in years to know that he must keep his eyes busy with matters that lay on the other side of the road. And it fell about that the sudden meeting, after months of prudence and despair, so warmed the 'Squire's blood and the girl's, that long before Ralph had done with watching the antics of three rabbits in the pasture-field the ripening orchard fruit had seen an old play played out afresh—had watched two foolish mortals kiss and stand away and kiss again, as joyously and soberly as if this were a new sweetness not understood by any other man or woman.

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When the boy did turn his eyes a little to the right—choosing the park-land first, so as to reach the orchard by easy stages—he saw Sir Marmaduke come striding through the rimy grass toward the orchard wicket. And he smiled contentedly, thinking that all was very right, now that Helen and jolly 'Squire Cunliffe and his father had an opportunity of meeting all together.

Sir Marmaduke stopped as he reached the wicket and saw what was to be seen beyond; his face went hot with fury, and he could find no words, and neither Cunliffe nor the girl knew of his presence until Helen, shy of the love-making, all at once turned her head away from the 'Squire and glanced toward where her father stood.

"Dear! Look—look! Oh, what shall we do?" she stammered, clutching his arm.

'Squire Cunliffe did look, and knew that he had need of all the wit that this swift game of kiss and counter-kiss had left him. He moved between the mossy tree boles down to the wicket.

"We met in anger a while ago, Sir Marmaduke; your daughter has just bidden us be friends again," he said, with as easy a bow as he could muster.

"And now, sir, we meet again in anger. You dare to show yourself on forbidden ground—you—Helen, leave us! I never thought to see a daughter of mine stoop to the first common scoundrel that chose to offer insult to her."

"There is no insult, nor has been, save in your own thoughts," broke in the 'Squire. And more he would have said had not Helen sent him so clear a message with her eyes that he checked his unruly tongue, and told himself that, come what might, he could never again bandy hot words with Sir Marmaduke.

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The girl crept quietly into the background, not daring to go beyond earshot of her lover lest the worst should happen. And 'Squire Cunliffe, with the warm surety of her love to back him, listened silently to all that Sir Marmaduke had to say—heard himself named a yokel, a beggar and a thief, and answered nothing when he was threatened with a horsewhip if he stayed a moment longer in the grounds of D'Arcy Court.

Ralph D'Arcy listened to all this, from the other side of the privet-hedge, with wonderment and great sorriness. A little while ago all had seemed as straight as a hot run with the fox in sight, and now these two—his father and his friend—were quarreling as only bitter foes could quarrel.

"Well, Ralph, I am not to dine with thee just yet, it seems," said 'Squire Cunliffe with a wry laugh as he came into the high road again and swung himself into the saddle.

"I am sorry," began the boy.

But his father checked him. "Art thou in the plot, too?" he thundered. "Ride home, Ralph, without another word—and thou shalt have as sound a thrashing as I can give thee. All against me—all! Has a man no power at home in these ill-ordered days?"

"Sir Marmaduke!" cried Cunliffe, as the older man, with a shallow air of dignity, strode off between the trees.

"I have said the last word to you. Would I could make you fight me once again," said the older man, half turning.

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The 'Squire moved impatiently in the saddle, and all but forgot himself; then recovered. "Nay, the last word is mine," he answered. "Whether you will or no, I shall marry your daughter. Baffle and hedge us round, spy on us, and play what dirty tricks you will—you will find the bird flown one day, and a right warm nest made ready for her. Good-by, Ralph, lad; keep a corner in thy heart for me, and stand up to the thrashing like a man."

And so 'Squire Cunliffe rode home to Marshcotes a soberer man than he had left it. And just as he was in the thick of framing wild plans for securing Helen's freedom, that chanced to him which set all schemes at naught for a good six weeks to come. For the feud-fights were at their height in those days, and there was bad blood between the Cunliffes and the Sunderlands.

The young 'Squire chanced to fall foul of three Sunderlands one Sabbath morning as he rode home from church. To two of them he tendered surety that they would walk lame for the rest of their lives, and then the third got under his guard, and it was not till some of his folks came by, a good two hours later, that they found him, left for dead in a wayside ditch.

They carried him home to the Heights, and brought the Marshcotes leech in to finish off the job so well begun by cold steel; yet neither sword-thrust nor leech could send 'Squire Cunliffe under sod just yet, for he came of a breed that was wont to rate Death a trifle cheaply. In three weeks' time he was well enough to be impatient of his weakness; in two weeks more he was busy with his interrupted plans touching Helen D'Arcy, and already he had found strength to thrust the leech forth out of doors.

It was just then—while his strength was swelling like the sap in spring trees, though watery a little as yet, and fugitive—that word came to him from the girl herself. Young Ralph D'Arcy came riding up at a sweltering gallop one November morning, with a twisted note in his pocket, and a boyish sense of hurry and importance in being intrusted with so grave a mission.

—'Squire Cunliffe talked daft love-speech to the pretty beast as they went at a rolling trot along the dry, hard highway

'Squire Cunliffe ran his eye over the scrawled sheet. Sir Marmaduke had been restless of late, suspecting that his daughter was meeting her lover in secret—alas! he had given her no chance, went on the note—why had he *sent* no word, if he could not *come* on the bare chance of snatching speech with her? They were to leave the Court to-morrow to spend the winter at a hunting-lodge which her father had bought near Eskrith, in Cumberland—he must send some little word back to her by the bearer.

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'Squire Cunliffe got up from his seat by the great hearthplace, and went out to the stable and saddled Mare Kitty as fast as his unused hands would let him. And Ralph and he set off toward Skipton before the boy had well got through with a hasty meal.

All the way downhill the 'Squire was full of questions—how was Helen, and did Sir Marmaduke keep too harsh a watch on her?—and so forth. And then, on the sudden, he felt his strength go out of him, and the mare knew, as well as he, that he had no force to curb her inclination; and in the end he had to turn about, for fear she should bolt outright with him and he drop fainting from the saddle.

"Tell her, Ralph," he said at parting, "tell her that I have been ill these five weeks past; that day and night I have been with her in thought; that, soon as this weakness leaves me, I will come to Cumberland and claim her in face of them all. Ralph, lad, look after her meanwhile," he added with a gusty tenderness begotten of his weak condition.

Seven days went by before he felt that the old stuff was sound in him—seven days of fret, and kicking against the pricks, and easy rides, lengthening day by day, on the back of the sweet mare Kitty. And patience went out of the window as strength came in by the door; and naught would serve but he must start for Cumberland forthwith. He had done with plans now; it was easier any day to fight squarely with his body than riddle at a vexed matter with his brain, and Helen was there waiting for him—that was all he cared to be sure of. A way would show itself when once he could get a clear look at the face that seemed always to render dark things plain to him.

And Helen, meanwhile, was looking day and night down the cheerless sweep of road that would bring 'Squire Cunliffe up from Marshcotes. When Ralph first came back to Skipton with the message, her heart had leaped at thought that she would soon be free. But Sir Marmaduke had carried her off on the next day to those wild Cumbrian hills; and the sun rose and set, set and rose, with never a word nor sign from her lover.

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Day by day, too, her father grew more bitter, seeing how fearlessly she remained true to the troth she had plighted in the orchard. He had asked a buckram Lord from the South country to stay with them—a swaggerer and a roysterer, whom Helen had long since learned to hate—and it was plain that the two of them were in league to force the girl's heart.

By good fortune the frost held off, and Helen could lose her daytime worries in breakneck scampers after hounds. But then the long, tedious evenings would set in, and Sir Marmaduke and his guest would drink over-much together, and the girl would be well-nigh driven wild between them. No other visitors were allowed the house, for by some means or other—the treachery of servants, likely—Sir Marmaduke had learned of Ralph's journey to Marshcotes, and, fearing lest 'Squire Cunliffe should give his hot head the reins, he had guarded well against approach from without. The keeper of the lodge had strict command to let none through, on foot or horseback, and even when they rode to the meets Helen was kept close to her father's side, with the buckram Lord on the other hand whispering nauseous nothings in her ear.

Now love, despite the licensed gentlemen of the lyre, has no power to bridge a distance of even three short miles, save by written token or word of mouth by messenger. And so it fell about that Helen D'Arcy was at the lowest ebb of sorriness on the very night that young 'Squire Cunliffe came to Eskrith. His late illness had left him weaker than his wont, and a long day's ride, on the back of other long days' rides, made him fain of such rough comfort as the village inn afforded. He went to bed betimes after supper, with the soft thought for pillow that Helen lay but three miles off, and that, by rough means or smooth, he would win speech of her on the morrow. But little he thought by what rough riding he was destined to secure her.

He slept a trifle over-late, and woke to find the crisp November sunlight filtering through the lattice. He was dressed before the sun had crawled from one diamond pane to the next, and was already shouting for breakfast before the landlord, solicitous for this guest with the hectoring air and the free purse, was well aware that he had risen. Mare Kitty was fresh as her master after a good feed and a good night's rest, and 'Squire Cunliffe talked daft love-speech to the pretty beast as they went at a rolling trot along the dry, hard highway.

They came to the lodge, and the 'Squire cried lustily to open. A gnarled old graybeard shuffled out, and leaning on the closed gate grinned at the stranger with cheery malice until the thought of a riding-whip came perilously near his face.

"Nay, there can none come through," he snarled, retreating to a safe distance from the gate.

"None? Aye, there shall one come through, though Kitty has to clear the spikes!" said Cunliffe, with wary measurement of the gate's height and a rough prayer that the mare would scatter the fellow's churlish brains on the way.

"Wait, though!" cackled the graybeard, misliking the thoughts of what would follow should this mad rider clear the gate. "There is none within the house. Sir Marmaduke——"

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From near at hand there came the bell-music of hounds, keen set for a fair trail. Mare Kitty pricked her ears, and reared and plunged after a fashion that would have unhorsed 'Squire Cunliffe two short weeks ago. But to-day his nerve was like sword steel, quick to bend and powerless to break.

He slipped a guinea into the graybeard's palm and pointed to the place whence the music came.

"Is he down there?" he asked.

"Aye!"

"And his daughter with him?"

"Aye, and a gay Lord, too, that will wed——"

The fellow had drawn over-near, chuckling at thought that so little a piece of information should stand against the solid guinea clutched in his withered palm; and 'Squire Cunliffe broke the end of his speech by a whip-cut, sharp and hard, and long to be remembered. And then, before the graybeard had time to pick up the fallen piece of gold, Mare Kitty was down the road again and up on the crest of the farther hill. The streaming line of hounds, the press of riders, were clear to be seen not a quarter of a mile away—and among them all a dear, slim figure that had lain within his arms under the weighted apple boughs.

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"Kitty, lass, we shall win to-day!" said the 'Squire as a sudden thought leaped into his brain.

"And we shall win," answered Kitty from every line of her eager body.

They took the hedge at their left hand and the pasture-land on the far side, and after that a broad, ill-favored ditch. There was a check ahead of them, a whimpering and a crying and a running to and fro of the hounds. In a few minutes they had come up with the motley crowd of hunters, gentle and yeoman, farmers' daughters and my Lady of the Castle.

Sir Marmaduke looked about him and his eyes fell on the brawny, square-set figure set on the lean, slim-barreled mare, and he started so violently that his daughter, close beside him, followed the direction of his glance and saw her heart's desire, come in this strange fashion to win speech of her. And the buckram Lord from the South country, scenting dismay and trepidation in the air, read more than he wished to know from Helen D'Arcy's eagerness toward the stranger.

But they had scant time for thought. The hounds were away again, and after them the rout. Before Sir Marmaduke, dumb-stricken by the 'Squire's appearance, could summon any steadiness of wit to his aid, Helen had sheered a little to the left, and 'Squire Cunliffe had come up with her.

"One word," he whispered; "which way lies straight north to Scotland?"

—stand away and kiss again, as joyously and soberly as if this were a new sweetness not understood by any other man or woman

She pointed with her whip, and turned to look into his eyes, and laughed outright in the fullness of relief.

And then a strange thing befell. North by northeast ran the hounds, in full cry after a merry scent. North by northeast rode the yeomen, the farmers' daughters, and all but one among the ladies of high degree. But straight as a die toward the north rode 'Squire Cunliffe and Sir Marmaduke D'Arcy's daughter. Stride by stride they fell away from the line; stride by stride the rest followed keen over privet and bramble and thorn.

At first it seemed as if the runaway pair were seeking only an easy place in the hedge; but away and away they went, farther and farther from the trail, and it was plain that there were two scents to be followed now, not one alone.

Sir Marmaduke D'Arcy tugged at his horse's mouth, and the buckram Lord at his; but nothing would swerve, with the cry so hot before them. And then another check came, and Sir Marmaduke, wild with fury and dismay, turned to the neighboring riders.

"Gentlemen, I ride to save my daughter's honor. Who is with me?" he cried, pointing to the galloping pair to the left of them.

The tougher sort said that Sir Marmaduke's daughter might go for all they cared, with the scent so brisk; but the younger men fell in with the romantic humor of the thing. And soon there were two hunts in full cry—hounds after fox to right, eight gallant riders to left after as hard-riding a pair as they could wish to follow.

"Art afraid, Sweet?" asked 'Squire Cunliffe as they cantered across a level stretch of pasture.

"Aye—that we shall never reach Gretna," she laughed, with such joy in her voice, of present swiftness and of gladness to come, as set the mad 'Squire's heart beating like hammer on the anvil.

They turned to look, and three of the pursuers were floundering in the ditch that had all but claimed them, too.

"How far to Gretna?" panted Cunliffe.

"Not ten miles. Dear, shall we win through?"

"A Cunliffe always wins through," said the 'Squire. And he turned and sent a long view-halloo across the pasture-land.

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Ripple and swing, ripple and swing, with the foam flying wide like hawthorn spray in a strong west gale. Swing and ripple, ripple and swing, till five of the ten short miles were covered. They came to the northern highway here, and kept it. A half-mile farther they crossed the trail of another pack in full cry; but they could not stop; through them and over them they rode, till the yelping of the dying hounds was like to split their eardrums. A round battery of oaths, such as were at their prime of vintage two centuries ago, followed them from the huntsmen of the pack.

"Where the deuce are we going? To Gretna—to Gretna!" roared 'Squire Cunliffe over his shoulder.

"To Gretna!" echoed the girl with a woman's quiet strenuousness of joy. And both in their hasty backward glance saw that Sir Marmaduke and the buckram Lord still kept their saddle and their pace.

There had been no hunting-day like this in England since first a hound was given a nose to smell a fox with. Racket and ripple and swing—two riders in front and seven not far behind, but never a fox nor a hound in sight. Hamlet and village turned out to watch the wild scamper, and gaped to see that hunted and hunters alike were framed to sit a saddle, and stared after them for a full ten minutes after the winter dust of the hoofs had settled.

Ripple, ripple and swing, swing and ripple, and wine-strong wind in their faces.

"Get away, Mare Kitty," cried 'Squire Cunliffe, and seemed to lift his beast with his knees.

"Away, good lad—away to happiness," whispered Helen to her straining nag.

"How far to Gretna?" called the 'Squire to a passing laborer.

"Just forrard—ye'll win it i' half a mile," answered the man, and sat him down in the hedge bottom, and looked after the runaways, and wagged his palsied head gleefully at this resurrection of his own dead wooing.

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Sir Marmaduke and the buckram Lord were well behind by this time, and their friends again behind. A few white houses showed sparse at either hand of the road ahead of the fugitives; they crossed a narrow stream. A lad was herding geese on the farther bank.

"Ho, there!" cried Cunliffe. "Is this the holy Gretna?"

A broad Scots tongue answered, "Yea."

"Where is the blacksmith's, then?" went on the 'Squire, reining in Mare Kitty.

The lad left his geese and ran before on the road, and stopped when he reached a smithy with the gaping furnace-mouth scattering red light through the open doorway.

'Squire Cunliffe is out of the saddle now, and the girl has found ground, too, by easy way of his arms. A villainous, cross-eyed fellow stood in the doorway, and Helen shrank from him a little for superstition's sake.

"Will it be well with us, dear, if we are married by——" she faltered.

"With a Cunliffe's luck—why, yes, Sweetheart!" laughed the 'Squire.

So the last word was spoken, and witnessed by the blacksmith and the bellows-blower, before Sir Marmaduke and the buckram Lord and those who rode with them came around the bend in the road.

'Squire Cunliffe took up the nearest weapon that lay handy in the smithy, and stood in front of the door, with his true wife set behind him.

"Come forward, Sir Marmaduke! Come forward, friends! Ye have ridden on a fair quest it seems—to part a man and his wife," he laughed.

And then, after a stillness, the five youngsters who had followed for romance's sake left Sir Marmaduke's side and ranged themselves—again for romance's sake—to right and left of stout 'Squire Cunliffe, vowing that man and wife who had given them so merry a ride should never be parted while they had hands to help them.

And Sir Marmaduke, and the buckram Lord who had come North to woo, saw that their ride had been for naught.

That is the tale. And they say in Marshcotes that wedlock with a foreigner weakens the strain—yet to-day the Cunliffes of the Heights are as merry and dare-devil as ever their forefather was, who got his wife at Gretna. Perchance it is because Mistress Helen D'Arcy came no farther away than from Skipton town.

The MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC

With *Pictures* by HARRISON FISHER

Chapter XX

IN THE Board room next day Thorpe awaited the coming of Lord Plowden with the serene confidence of a prophet who not only knows that he is inspired, but has had an illicit glimpse into the workings of the machinery of events.

He sat motionless at his desk, like a big spider for whom time has no meaning. Before him lay two newspapers, folded so as to expose paragraphs heavily indicated by blue pencil marks. They were not financial journals, and for that reason it was improbable that he would have seen these paragraphs if the Secretary of the Company had not marked them and brought them to him. That official had been vastly more fluttered by them than he found it possible to be. In slightly varying language, these two items, embedded in so-called money articles, reported the rumor that a charge of fraud had arisen in connection with the Rubber Consols corner, and that sensational disclosures were believed to be impending.

Thorpe looked with a dulled, distracted eye at these papers, and especially at the blue pencil lines upon them, as he pondered many things. Their statement, thus scattered broadcast to the public, seemed at once to introduce a new element into the situation, and to leave it unchanged.

That influence of some sort had been exerted to get this story into these papers it did not occur to him for an instant to doubt. To his view, all things that were put into the papers were put there for a purpose—it would express his notion more clearly, perhaps, to say for a price. Of the methods of Fleet Street he was profoundly ignorant, but his impressions of them were all cynical. Upon reflection, however, it seemed unlikely to him that Lord Plowden had secured the insertion of these rumors. So far as Thorpe could fathom that nobleman's game, its aims would not be served by premature publicity of this kind.

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Gradually the outlines of a more probable combination took shape in his thoughts. There were left in the grip of the "corner" now only two victims—Rostocker and Aronson. They owed this invidious differentiation to a number of causes. They had been the chief sellers of stock, being between them responsible for the delivery of 8500 Rubber Consol shares, which they could not get; they were men of larger fortune than the other "shorts," and therefore could with safety be squeezed longest; what was fortunate to him under the circumstances, they were the two men against whom Thorpe's personal grudge seemed able to maintain itself most easily.

For these reasons they had already been mulcted in differences to the extent of, in round numbers, £165,000. On the morrow, the —— of September, it was Thorpe's plan to allow them to buy in the shares they needed at £22 or £23 per share—which would take from them nearly £200,000. He had satisfied himself that they could, and would, if necessary, pay this enormous ransom for their final escape from the "corner." Partly because it was not so certain that they could pay more, partly because he was satiated with spoils, and tired of the strain of the business, he had decided to permit this escape.

He realized now, however, that they on their side had planned to escape without paying any final ransom at all. That was clearly the meaning of these paragraphs, and of the representations which had yesterday been made to the Stock Exchange Committee. He had additional knowledge to-day of the character of these representations. Nothing definite had been alleged, but some of the members of the Committee had been informally informed, so Semple had this morning learned, that a specific charge of fraud, supported by unanswerable proof, was to be brought against the Rubber Consols management on the morrow.

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Thorpe reasoned out now, step by step, what that meant. Lord Plowden had sought out Rostocker and Aronson, and had told them that he had it in his power ignominiously to break the "corner." He could hardly have told them the exact nature of his power, because until he should have seen Tavender he did not himself know what it was. But he had given them to understand that he could prove fraud, and they, scenting in this the chance of saving £200,000, and seeing that time was so terribly short, had hastened to the Committeemen with this vague declaration that, on the morrow, they could prove—they did not precisely know what.

Yes—plainly enough—that was what had happened. And it would be these two Jew "wreckers," eager to invest their speculative notification to the Committee with as much of an air of formality as possible, who had caused the allusions to it to be published in these papers.

Thorpe's lustreless eye suddenly twinkled with mirth as he reached this conclusion; his heavy face brightened into a grin of delight. A vision of Lord Plowden's absurd predicament rose vividly before him, and he chuckled aloud at it.

It seemed only the most natural thing in the world that, at this instant, a clerk should open the door and nod with meaning to the master. The visitor whom he had warned the people in the outer office he expected had arrived. Thorpe was still laughing to himself when Lord Plowden entered.

"Hello! How d'ye do!" he called out to him from where he sat at his desk.

The hilarity of the manner into which he had been betrayed upon the instant surprised and rather confused him. He had not been altogether clear as to how he should receive Plowden, but certainly a warm joviality had not occurred to him as appropriate.

The nobleman was even more taken aback. He stared momentarily at the big man's beaming mask, and then, with nervous awkwardness, executed a series of changes in his own facial expression and demeanor. He flushed red, opened his lips to say "Ah!" and then twisted them into a doubting and seemingly painful smile. He looked with very bright-eyed intentness at Thorpe as he advanced and somewhat spasmodically put out his hand.

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It occurred to Thorpe not to see this hand. "How are you?" he said in a more mechanical voice.

Lord Plowden fidgeted on his feet for a brief, embarrassed interval before the desk, and then dropped into a chair at its side. With a deliberate effort at nonchalance he crossed his legs, and caressed the ankle on his knee with a careless hand. "Anything new?" he asked.

Thorpe lolled back in his armchair. "I'm going to be able to get away in a few days' time," he said indifferently. "I expect to finally wind up the business on the Stock Exchange to-morrow."

"Ah, yes." Plowden seemed to be searching after thoughts which had wandered astray. "Yes, of course."

"Yes—of course," Thorpe said after him with a latent touch of significance.

—motionless at his desk, like a big spider for whom time has no meaning

The other looked up quickly, then glanced away again. "It's all going as you expected?" he asked.

"Better than I expected," Thorpe told him energetically. "Much better than anybody expected."

"Hah!" said Plowden. After a moment's reflection he went on hesitatingly. "I didn't know. I saw something in one of the papers this morning—in a money article—which spoke as if there were some doubt about the result. That's why I called."

"Well—it's good of you to come around and show such a friendly interest." Thorpe's voice seemed candid enough, but there was an enigmatic something in his glance which aroused the other's distrust.

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"I'm afraid you don't take very much stock in the 'friendly interest,'" he said with a constrained little laugh.

"I'm not taking stock in anything new just now," replied Thorpe, lending himself lazily to the other's metaphor. "I'm loaded up to the gunnels already."

A minute of rather oppressive silence ensued. Then Plowden ventured upon an opening. "All the same, it was with an idea of—perhaps being of use to you—that I came here," he affirmed.

"In what way?" Thorpe put the query almost listlessly.

Lord Plowden turned his hands and let his dark eyes sparkle in a gesture of amiable uncertainty. "That depended upon what was needed. I got the impression that you were in trouble—the paper spoke as if there were no doubt of it—and I imagined that quite probably you would be glad to talk with me about it."

"Quite right," said Thorpe. "So I should."

This comprehensive assurance seemed not, however, to facilitate conversation. The nobleman looked at the pattern of the sock on the ankle he was nursing, and knitted his brows in perplexity. "What if the Committee of the Stock Exchange decide to interfere?" he asked at last.

"Oh, that would knock me sky-high," Thorpe admitted.

"Approximately, how much does 'sky-high' mean?"

Thorpe appeared to calculate. "Almost anything up to a quarter of a million," he answered.

"Hah!" said Lord Plowden again. "Well—I understand—I'm given to understand—that very likely that is what the Committee will decide."

"Does it say that in the papers?" asked Thorpe. He essayed an effect of concern. "Where did you see that?"

"I didn't see it," he explained. "It—it came to me."

"Gad!" said Thorpe. "That'll be awful! But are you really in earnest? Is that what you hear? And does it come at all straight?"

Lord Plowden nodded portentously. "Yes, absolutely straight," he said with gravity.

Thorpe, after a momentary stare of what looked like bewilderment, was seen to clutch at a straw. "But what was it you were saying?" he demanded with eagerness. "You talked about help—a minute ago. Did you mean it? Have you a plan? Is there something that you can do?"

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Plowden weighed his words. "It would be necessary to have a very complete understanding," he remarked.

"Whatever you like," exclaimed the other.

"Pardon me—it would have to be a good deal more definite than that," Plowden declared. "A 'burned child'—you know."

The big man tapped musingly with his finger-nails on the desk. "We won't quarrel about that," he said. "But what I'd like to know first—you needn't give anything away that you don't want to—but what's your plan? You say that they've got me in a hole, and that you can get me out."

"In effect—yes."

"But how do you know that I can't get myself out?

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Market-Place began in the issue of the POST for December 17, 1898.

What do you know about the whole thing, anyway? Supposing I tell you that I laugh at it—that there's no more ground for raising the suspicion of fraud than there is for—for suspecting that you've got wings and can fly?"

"I—I don't think you'll tell me that," said Plowden.

"Well, then, supposing I don't tell you that?" the other resumed argumentatively. "Supposing I say instead that it can't be proved? If the Committee doesn't have proof now—within twenty-one or twenty-two hours—they can't do anything at all. To-morrow is settling day. All along I've said I would wind up the thing to-morrow. The market price has been made for me by the jobbers yesterday and to-day. I'm all ready to end the whole business to-morrow—close it all out. And after that's done, what do I care about the Stock Exchange Committee? They can investigate and be hanged! What could they do to me?"

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"I think a man can always be arrested and indicted, and sent to penal servitude," said Lord Plowden with a certain solemnity of tone. "There are even well-known instances of extradition."

Thorpe buried his chin deep in his collar and regarded his companion with a fixed gaze, in which the latter detected signs of trepidation. "But about the Committee—and to-morrow," he said slowly. "What do you say about that? How can they act in that lightning fashion? And even if proofs could be got, how do you suppose they are to be got on the drop of the hat, at a minute's notice?"

"The case is of sufficient importance to warrant a special meeting to-morrow morning," the other rejoined. "One hour's notice, posted in the house, is sufficient, I believe. Any three members of the Committee can call such a meeting, and I understand that seven make a quorum. You will see that a meeting could be held at noon to-morrow, and within half an hour could make you a ruined man."

"I don't know—would you call it quite ruined?" commented Thorpe. "I should still have a few sovereigns to go on with."

"A criminal prosecution would be practically inevitable—after such a disclosure," Plowden reminded him with augmented severity of tone.

"Don't mix the two things up," the other urged. There seemed to the listener to be supplication in the tone. "It's the action of the Committee that you said you could influence. That's what we were talking about. You say there will be a special meeting at noon to-morrow——"

"I said there could be one," Plowden corrected him.

"All right. There *can* be one. And do you say that there can be proof—proof against me of fraud—produced at that meeting?"

"Yes—I say that," the nobleman affirmed quietly.

"And further still—do you say that it rests with you whether that proof shall be produced or not?"

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Lord Plowden looked into the impassive gaze which covered him and looked away from it again. "I haven't put it in just that form," he said hesitatingly. "But in essentials—yes, that may be taken as true."

"And what is your figure? How much do you want for holding this proof of yours back and letting me finish scooping the money of your Hebrew friends, Aronson and Rostocker?"

The peer raised his head and shot a keenly inquiring glance at the other. "Are they my friends?" he asked with challenging insolence.

"I'm bound to assume that you have been dealing with them, just as you are dealing with me." Thorpe explained his meaning dispassionately, as if the transaction were entirely commonplace. "You tell them that you're in a position to produce proof against me, and ask them what they'll give for it. Then naturally enough you come to me, and ask what I'll be willing to pay to have the proof suppressed. I quite understand that I must bid against these men—and, of course, I take it for granted that, since you know their figure, you've arranged in your mind what mine is to be. I quite understand, too, that I am to pay more than they have offered. That is on account of 'friendly interest.'"

"Since you allude to it," Lord Plowden observed with a certain calm loftiness of tone, "there is no harm in saying that you *will* pay something on that old score. Once you thrust the promise of something like a hundred thousand pounds positively upon me. You insisted on my believing it, and I did so, like a fool. I came to you to redeem the promise, and you laughed in my face. Very well. It is my turn now. I hold the whip-hand, and I should be an ass not to remember things. I shall want that entire one hundred thousand pounds from you, and fifty thousand added to it on account of the 'friendly interest,' as you so intelligently expressed it."

Thorpe's chin burrowed still deeper upon his breast. "It's an outrage," he said with feeling. Then he added in tones of dejected resignation: "When will you want it?"

"At the moment when the payments of Rostocker and Aronson are made to you, or to your bankers or agents," Lord Plowden replied, with prepared facility. He had evidently given much thought to this part of the proceedings. "And, of course, I shall expect you to draw up now an agreement to that effect. I happen to have a stamped paper with me this time. And if you don't mind, we will have it properly witnessed—this time."

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Thorpe looked at him with a disconcerting leaden stare. "That's right enough," he announced at last, "but I shall expect you to do some writing, too. Since we're dealing on this basis there must be no doubt about the guarantee that you will perform your part of the contract."

"The performance itself, since payment is conditional upon it——" began Plowden, but the other interrupted him.

"No, I want something better than that. Here—give me your stamped paper." He took the bluish sheet, and, without hesitation, wrote several lines rapidly. "Here—this is my promise," he said, "to pay you £150,000 upon your satisfactory performance of a certain undertaking to be separately nominated in a document called 'A,' which we will jointly draw up and agree to and sign, and deposit wherever you like—for safe-keeping. Now, if you'll sit here and write out for me a similar thing—that in consideration of my promise of £150,000 you covenant to perform the undertaking to be nominated in the document 'A'—and so on."

Lord Plowden treated as a matter of course the ready and businesslike suggestion of the other. Taking his place at the desk in turn he wrote out what had been suggested. Thorpe touched a bell, and the clerk who came in perfunctorily attested the signatures upon both papers. Each principal folded and pocketed the pledge of the other.

"Now," said Thorpe, when he had seated himself again at the desk, "we are all right so far as protection against each other goes. If you don't mind, I will draw up a suggestion of what the separate document, 'A,' should set forth. If you don't like it, you can write one."

He took more time to this task, frowning laboriously over the fresh sheet of foolscap, and screening from observation with his hand what he was writing. Finally, the task seemed finished to his mind. He took up the paper, glanced through it once more, and handed it in silence to the other.

In silence, also, and with an expression of arrested attention, Lord Plowden read these lines:

"The undertaking referred to in the two documents of even date, signed respectively by Lord Plowden and Stormont Thorpe, is to the effect that at some hour between eleven A. M. and three P. M. of September 12, instant, Lord Plowden shall produce before a special meeting of the Committee of the Stock Exchange the person of one Jerome Tavender, to explain to said Committee his share in the blackmailing scheme of which Lord Plowden, over his own signature, has furnished documentary evidence."

LORD PLOWDEN TREATED AS A MATTER OF COURSE THE READY AND BUSINESSLIKE SUGGESTION OF THE OTHER. HE WROTE OUT WHAT HAD BEEN SUGGESTED

The nobleman continued to look down at the paper after the power to hold it without shaking had left his hand. There came into his face, mingling with and vitiating its rich natural hues of health, a kind of gray shadow. It was as if clay was revealing itself beneath faded paint. He did not lift his eyes.

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Thorpe had been prepared to hail this consummation of his trick with boisterous and scornful mirth. Even while the victim was deciphering the fatal paper he had restrained with impatience the desire to burst out into bitter laughter. But now there was something in the aspect of Plowden's collapse which seemed to forbid triumphant derision. He was taking his blow so like a gentleman—ashen-pale and quivering, but clinging to a high-bred dignity of silence—that the impulse to exhibit equally good manners possessed Thorpe upon the instant.

"Well—you see how little business you've got, setting yourself to buck up against a grown-up man." He offered the observation in the tone of the school-teacher, affectedly philosophical but secretly jubilant, who harangues a defeated and humiliated urchin upon his folly.

"Oh, chuck it!" growled Lord Plowden, staring still at the calamitous paper.

Thorpe accepted in good part the intimation that silence was, after all, most decorous. He put his feet up on the corner of the desk, and, tipping back his chair, surveyed the discomfited Viscount impassively. He forebore even to smile.

"So this swine of a Tavender came straight to you!" Lord Plowden had found words at last. As he spoke he lifted his face, and made a show of looking the other in the eye.

"Oh, there are a hundred things in your own game, even, that you haven't an inkling of," Thorpe told him lightly. "I've been watching every move you made, seeing farther ahead in your own game than you did. Why, it was too easy! It was like playing draughts with a girl. I knew you would come to-day, for example. I told the people out there that I expected you."

"Ye—s," said the other with rueful bewilderment. "You seem to have been rather on the spot,—I confess."

"On the spot? All over the place!" Thorpe lifted himself slightly and put more animation into his voice.

"It's the mistake you people make!" he declared oracularly. "You think that a man can come into the city without a penny and form great combinations and carry through a great scheme, and wage a fight with the smartest set of scoundrels on the London Stock Exchange and beat 'em, and make for himself a big fortune—and still be a fool! You imagine that a man like that can be played with and hoodwinked by amateurs like yourself. It's too ridiculous!"

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The perception that apparently Thorpe bore little or no malice had begun to spread through Plowden's consciousness. It was almost more surprising to him than the revelation of his failure had been. He accustomed himself to the thought gradually, and as he did so the courage crept back into his glance. He breathed more easily.

"You are right," he admitted. It cost him nothing to give a maximum of fervid conviction to the tone of his words. The big brute's pride in his own brains and power was still his weakest point. "You are right! I did play the fool. And it was all the more stupid because I was the first man in London to recognize the immense forces in you. I said to you at the very outset, 'You are going to go far. You are going to be a great man.' You remember that?"

Thorpe nodded. "Yes—I remember it."

The nobleman, upon reflection, drew a little silver box from his pocket and extracted a match. "Do you mind?" he asked, and scarcely waiting for a token of reply, struck a flame upon the sole of his shoe and applied it to the sheet of foolscap he still held in his hand. The two men watched it curl and blacken, after it had been tossed into the grate, without a word.

This incident had the effect of recalling to Thorpe the essentials of the situation. He had allowed the talk to drift to a point where it became almost affable. He sat upright with a sudden determination, and put his feet firmly on the floor, and knitted his brows in austerity.

"It was not only a dirty trick that you tried to play me," he said in an altered, harsh tone, "but it was a fool-trick. That drunken old Tavender writes some lunatic nonsense or other to Gafferson, and he's a worse idiot even than Tavender is, and on the strength of what one of these clowns thinks he surmises the other clown means you go and spend your money—money I gave you, by the way—in bringing Tavender over here. You do this on the double chance, we'll say, of using him against me for revenge and profit combined, or of peddling him to me for a still bigger profit. You see, it's all at my fingers' ends."

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Plowden nodded an unqualified assent.

"Well—then—Tavender arrives. What do you do? Are you at the wharf to meet him? Have you said to yourself: 'I've set out to fight one of the smartest and strongest men in England, and I've got to keep every atom of wits about me, and strain every nerve to the utmost, and watch every point of the game as a tiger watches a snake?' Not a bit of it! You snooze in bed, and you send Gafferson—Gafferson, the mud-head of the earth!—to meet your Tavender, and loaf about with him in London, and bring him down by a slow train to your place in the evening. You've only got two clear days left to do the whole thing in—and you don't even come up to town to get ready for them! You send Gafferson—and he goes off to see a flower-show—Mother of Moses! think of it! a *flower-show!*—and your Tavender and I are left to take a stroll together, and talk over old times and arrange about new times, and so on, to our hearts' content. Really, it's too easy! You make me tired!"

The nobleman offered a wan, appealing shadow of a smile. "I confess to a certain degree of weariness myself," he said humbly.

Thorpe looked at him in his old apathetic, leaden fashion for a little. "I may tell you that if you had got hold of Tavender," he decided to tell him, "he wouldn't have been of the faintest use to you. I know what it was that he wrote to Gafferson—I couldn't understand it when he first told me, but afterward I saw through it—and it was merely a maudlin misapprehension of his. He'd got three or four things all mixed up together. You've never met your friend Tavender, I believe? You'd enjoy him at Hadlow House. He smells of rum a hundred yards off. What little brain he's got left is soaked in it. The first time I was ever camping with him I had to lick him for drinking the methylated spirits we were using with our tin stove. Oh, you'd have liked him!"

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"Evidently," said Lord Plowden upon reflection, "it was all a most unfortunate and, ah—most deplorable mistake." With inspiration he made bold to add: "The most amazing thing, though—to my mind—is that you don't seem—what shall I say?—particularly enraged with me about it."

"Yes—that surprises me, too," Thorpe meditatively admitted. "I was entitled to kill you—crush you to jelly. Any other man I would. But you—I don't know—I do funny things with you."

"I wish you would give me a drink now—as one of them," Plowden ventured to suggest, with uneasy pleasantry.

Thorpe smiled a little as he rose and heavily moved across the room. He set out upon the big official table in the middle, that mocking, pretentious reminder of a Board which never met, a decanter and two glasses and some recumbent, round-bottomed bottles. He handed one of these last to Plowden as the latter strolled toward the table.

"You know how to open these, don't you," he said languidly. "Somehow I never could manage it."

The nobleman submissively took the bottle and picked with awkwardness at its wire cork, and all at once achieved a premature and not over-successful explosion. He wiped his dripping cuff in silence, when the tumblers were supplied.

"Well—here's better luck to you next time," Thorpe said, lifting his glass. The audacious irony of his words filled Plowden with an instant purpose.

"What on earth did you round on me in that way for, Thorpe—when I was here last?" He put the question with bravery enough, but at sight of the other's unresponsive face grew suddenly timorous and explanatory. "No man was ever more astonished in the world than I was. To this day I'm as unable to account for it as a babe unborn. What conceivable thing had I done to you?"

Thorpe slowly thought of something that had not occurred to him before, and seized upon it with satisfaction.

"That day that you took me shooting," he said with the tone of one finally exposing a long-nursed grievance, "you stayed in bed for hours after you knew I was up and waiting for you—and when we went out you had a servant to carry a chair for you, but I—I had to stand up."

"Heavens above!" ejaculated Plowden in amazement.

"These are little things—mere trifles," continued Thorpe dogmatically, "but with men of my temper and make-up those are just the things that aggravate and rankle and hurt. Maybe it's foolish, but that's the kind of man I am. You ought to have had the intelligence to see that—and not let these stupid little things happen to annoy me. Why, just think what you did! I was going to make your fortune and everything else—and you didn't show consideration enough for me to get out of bed at a decent hour—much less see to it that I had a chair if you were going to have one."

"Upon my word, I can't tell how ashamed I am," Lord Plowden assured him with fervent contrition in his voice.

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"Well, those are the things to guard against," said Thorpe, approaching a dismissal of the subject. "People who show consideration for me; people who take pains to do the little pleasant things for me, and see that I'm not annoyed and worried by trifles—they're the people that I, on my side, do the big things for. I can be the best friend in the world, but only to those who show that they care for me, and do what they know I'll like. I don't want toadies about me, but I do want people who feel bound to me, and are as keen about me and my feelings as they are about their own."

"It is delightfully feudal—all this," commented the nobleman. Then he looked at Thorpe. "Let me be one of them—one of the people you speak of," he said with directness.

Thorpe returned his look with the good-natured beginnings of a grin. "But what would you be good for?" he queried in a bantering tone. "People I have about me have to be of some use. They require to have heads on their shoulders. Why—just think what you've done. I don't mean so much about your letting Tavender slip through your fingers—although that was about the worst I ever heard of. But here in this room, at that desk there, you allowed me to bounce you into writing and signing a paper which you ought to have had your hand cut off rather than write, much less sign. You come here trying to work the most difficult and dangerous kind of a bluff—knowing all the while that the witness you depended entirely upon had disappeared—and you actually let me lead you into giving me your signature to your own declaration that you are blackmailing me! Thinking it all over—you know—I can't see that you would be of much help to me in the city."

Lord Plowden joined perforce in the laughter with which the big man enjoyed his own pleasantry. His mirth had some superficial signs of shamefacedness, but it was hopeful underneath. "The city!" he echoed with meaning. "That's the curse of it. What do I know about the city? What business have I in the city? As you said, I'm the amateur. A strong man like you can make me seem any kind of a ridiculous fool he likes with the turn of his hand. I see that. But what am I to do? I have to make a shot at something. I'm so rotten poor!"

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Thorpe had retired behind the barrier of dull-eyed abstraction. He seemed not to have heard this appealing explanation.

The other preserved silence in turn, and even made a pretense of looking at some pamphlets on the table, as a token of his boundless deference to the master's mood.

"I don't know. I'll see," the big man muttered at last.

Lord Plowden felt warranted in taking an optimistic view of these vague words. "It's awfully good of you," he began lamely, and then paused. "I wonder"—he took up a new thought with a more solicitous tone—"I wonder if you would mind returning to me that idiotic paper I signed."

Thorpe shook his head. "Not just now, at any rate," he said still musingly.

"But you are going to—to help me!" the other remarked, with an air of confidence.

Thorpe looked at him curiously and hesitated over his answer. He was in some vague way ashamed of himself, but he was explicitly and contemptuously ashamed for Plowden, and the impulse to say so was strong within him. This handsome young gentleman of title ought not to be escaping with this restored buoyancy of mien and this complacency of spirit. He had deserved to be punished with a heavy hand, and here he was blithely making certain of new benefits instead.

"I don't know. I'll see," Thorpe moodily reiterated—and there was no more to be said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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FOR THE HONOR OF THE GRAY

By GENERAL CHARLES KING

Pictures by B MARTIN JUSTICE

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FOR that day, at least, the fighting was over and done with. There had been a month of the devil's own work along Smoky Hill, with the Cheyennes as chief agents. Men lived at the intrenched stage-stations in fear of their lives, and died along the road in joy to escape from torture.

Hutchins, station master at Cimarron Bend, had fought all through the Civil War in a cavalry regiment, had won a medal of honor, and might have won a pension, for his skin was seared with gunshot and sabre wounds, but he made the mistake of despising a redskin, and only learned better too late to profit by his easily acquired knowledge.

Black Kettle's people caught him off his horse a mile from the trail, stripped and staked him out on the sward until supper time, while they were getting up an appetite entertaining a Government wagon-train going to Hayes under infantry guard, and then had a jovial evening, after the manner of their kind, with Hutchins as central figure at the camp-fire.

When Buffalo Bill and a troop of the Fifth got there, after a fifty-mile gallop through the moonlight, the thongs which bound their old and tried comrade to the torture stake were still unconsumed. The sight made an awful impression on C Troop, one of the old hands who had known him well being so unstrung as to weep aloud, and several of the youngsters turned away sick at heart—for Hutchins had died hard.

C Troop swore through set teeth that it would go hard with any Cheyenne "outfit" that came their way that summer, but they buried what was left of their comrade, chipped in half a month's pay apiece for his distracted widow, and went their way, and presumably that was the last of poor Jim Hutchins.

But it wasn't the end of the mischief, by any manner of means, for the Fifth and Seventh Cavalry waxed hot under their collars over the details of the business. Both regiments were afield that summer. Both knew Jim Hutchins, and some knew his pretty young wife and the baby of which he was so proud.

What made the outrage especially outrageous was, that the poor girl thought those very Indians friendly, and had often given them food and cast-off clothing; but Hutchins had shot one of their number in the act of running off his horses, and that, from the Indian point of view, put matters on another basis.

If the stage-station had not been heavily fortified and well garrisoned they would have run Kittie Hutchins off, too, and that would have crazed a man who worshiped Kittie's very shadow—Sergeant Howell, of the Seventh Cavalry, known to his comrades as "Reb."

Hutchins, as has been said, was a man of many scars, and, it may be added, of little substance, but the few hundred dollars he had saved seemed a fortune in the eyes of the Kansas farm people among whom he had found the pretty, winsome prairie flower he wooed and won. He was forty, she eighteen. His skin was tanned like leather, and tattooed with battle-marks. Hers was soft and as white as milk.

His old officers got him the position at the station at Cimarron, and Kittie's kindred envied her affluence, for Hutchins spent his savings in beautifying her nest. Baby was two months old when Sergeant Howell was left nursing a sprained ankle at the supply camp at the Bend while his comrades went afield, and day after day for nearly two months he had the run of Hutchins' home, trusted and welcomed for the sake of the old service, and Hutchins to his dying day never suspected him of falling in love with Kittie.

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The lameness wore off, but the love did not. Sergeant Howell finally rode away to join his troop, but left his heart behind in Kittie's unconscious keeping. To do her justice, she was not versed enough in the ways of men to see that the tall, soft-voiced, soft-spoken Southerner idolized her.

He was with C Troop when it made its moonlight rush in response to the frantic call for help at Cimarron Bend, but was missing when, on the morrow, it launched out on the trail of the marauders. Without even saying "By your leave" to the Lieutenant commanding the troop, Sergeant Howell had left the bivouac some hours before the dawn.

"Well," said the Lieutenant, "it's the first time he ever failed us. Leave his horse and kit at the corral, Sergeant. I'm betting he turns up all right."

That evening, however, horse and kit were safe under the stable roof of the station at Cimarron Bend. Kittie lay weeping and moaning within the barricaded building, and for hours Sergeant Howell paced nervously up and down the corral. Mrs. Genness, wife of the corral master, was attending the stricken widow.

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Next morning at dawn came a squadron of the Seventh from a distant post, trotting hard to overtake C Troop of the comrade regiment, and at the head of the column rode a young Captain with curly brown hair and brave blue eyes, and a cheery manner that the men liked. He was admitted to Kittie's little parlor at once, and Sergeant Howell, seeing an officer's horse and orderly in front, came around, curiously examined the former, then quickly demanded: "Whose horse is this?"

He changed color, flushed, then went pale at the answer:

"Captain Vinton's."

"Captain Vinton! Why, I thought he was on staff duty in Washington."

"Yes, he was, but the moment he heard of the outbreak he hurried to join. That's him inside the door there now."

But Sergeant Howell did not wait to look. Turning quickly he hastened to the corral, saddled his horse, and rode out in the direction of the almost dismantled supply camp. The next moment the Captain himself came hurrying forth and gazed away toward the swiftly vanishing form.

"Do you know that man?" demanded he of the orderly.

"That? Yes, sir," said the young trumpeter in reply. "It's Sergeant Howell, C Troop, Fifth Cavalry, left back here for some reason."

A subaltern rode up at the moment. "Captain Vinton," said he, "shall we feed and water? There's plenty of oats at that camp."

"Directly, Mr. Carey. Did you happen to notice that Sergeant that rode away there, just going in at the corral gate yonder?"

"I know of him, sir, yes; good man, I believe."

"Notice the way he rode—that sort of slack seat, as if he'd straddled a fox trot all his life? Here, trumpeter," he added with sudden energy, "ride over and tell the Sergeant that Captain Vinton would like to see him a moment." And so saying, the squadron commander turned within doors again. There were questions he had to ask of Mrs. Hutchins and her friend.

An hour later, however, he and his men were hot on the trail of C Troop, and the Sergeant had not been found.

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"Rode right through the corral, sir, down among the timber along the river," was the report of the orderly, but Vinton was too busy to care, for far ahead was the valley of the Bucktail, and C Troop had sent for help.

But by moonrise, as has been said, the day's work was over and done, for the Cheyennes scattered at sight of the big squadron coming on the trot. The detachments fraternized—the old Fifth, the new Seventh—and pipe, toddy and story kept them up till ten o'clock, Vinton listening with attentive ear to the stirring talk. Veteran as he was of the war days, Indian fighting was new to him. The trumpet was sounding "taps" and the sentry-circled camp was turning in for needed sleep, when Ray, the young subaltern

AND JUST BEFORE THE SETTING OF THE SUN THE RESCUERS CAME

commanding C Troop, and Bill Cody, then in his first year of service as scout for the Fifth, came in from a look around the line of vedettes and sprawled for a smoke.

"That's a beautiful bay of yours, Captain Vinton," said Ray, who, Kentucky-bred, had a quick eye for fine points in horseflesh.

"The finest I ever owned, Mr. Ray," answered Vinton, "with the possible exception of the bay whose place he was sent to fill; the bay I lost at Trevilian Station in 1864."

"Shawt?" queried Ray, whose speech would have been crisp but for the length of his Blue Grass vowels.

"No; run away with."

Ray rolled over on his blanket, and his dark eyes questioned longingly.

It was young Carey who spoke. "We heard something about that, Captain. Would you mind telling us?"

"It came near costing me more than a horse," said Vinton, "and it cost poor Hutchins his chevrons." Then slowly refilling his pipe, he went on:

"Sheridan was hopping mad about it. You know we jumped into the rebs there and had a beautiful scrimmage while it lasted, but we couldn't afford to stay. All Stuart's cavalry were in our front, and there was every chance of our being cut off by the infantry. We had to get back lively, too, and the question rose what to do with our prisoners. I was First Lieutenant then, but rode a blooded bay my people gave me after Gettysburg. Seven of our horses were killed in the fight, and that left me three men dismounted, when old Stannard came riding up, mad all through.

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"'Vinton,' says he 'we've got a cocky young Virginia Captain here that won't give his parole, and Sheridan says we must bring him along. You've got to look out for him. There he is!' And with that he rode off, swearing fluently, and there by the roadside stood as cool a Confederate as ever I saw. He had on a new gray uniform, and looked no end natty, whereas we were mud to the eyebrows.

"'How the deuce did you come to get caught?' I asked. 'Horse killed?'

"'Our idiot of a doctor put me in an ambulance,' said he. 'Jeb Stuart's riding my horse at this minute or I wouldn't be here.' And then I saw he was white and weak.

"The trumpet sounded 'Forward!' We had to start. Sergeant Hutchins was right principal guide of the squadron that day, and I told him to look after the reb, and then rode on to the head of the troop and tried to forget about it, but the fellow's face haunted me, and after the first halt I turned back for another look at him. He was limping along afoot by Hutchins' horse, but you could see it was all he could do to keep up.

"'Give your parole,' said I, 'and get out of this! You'll be exchanged quick enough. You're too ill for fighting now, anyhow!'

"No use. He only grinned and shook his head.

"Well, our men were all worn out. I wouldn't dismount one of them to make room for a prisoner, but the more I watched him, grim, silent, plucky, tramping along in the dust by Hutchins' side, the sicker I got, and the very next halt I piled off Bay Bob and called a bugler to help me, and almost before he knew what we were about we got him into the saddle. I shall never forget the look in his face. He flushed; he protested. Then 'Forward!' sounded, and, with Hutchins riding beside him, the column jogged on into a thick wood.

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"All of a sudden—so sudden that I couldn't realize what had happened—Bay Bob and his new rider had shot out of the ranks and dashed into a bridle-path at the right. Half the troop went shooting after them, but there wasn't a horse in the Fifth could catch Bob, and I was the laughing-stock of the regiment for weeks.

"But I got a letter while we were up in the valley that winter, and it was the most characteristic thing I ever read. 'They say all's fair in love and war,' it began, 'but the meanest thing war ever made a man do was the trick I played you after Trevilian. Believe me, sir, I can never forget your humanity, or reconcile myself to the theft of your horse. He was killed at Winchester, and I mourn him as much as you. But if I live you shall have the mate to him, and that Sergeant shall have more than the worth of his warrant.' It was signed 'Robert H. Anderson.'

"Well, in 1866 I got my Captaincy in the Seventh, and one day there came to my home the horse you and Cody so admire to-night, with only a card, 'With the compliments of R. H. Anderson, late C. S. A.'"

"And you've never met him since the war?" asked Ray. "Do you think you'd know him?"

"I've never seen a man that looked or rode like him unless it was—back there at Cimarron—to-day."

Two weeks later the troops of the Department of the Missouri, aided by certain detachments from the Platte, were scouring Kansas far and near in search of those Cheyennes. For six weeks the reds had been having things their own way, raising hair and hades along the road to Denver, but once the move to punish them and put an end to their deviltry took formidable shape they seemed to vanish into thin air. The agencies were encompassed round about by the tepees of scores of warriors who weren't there when the mischief was done along the Smoky Hill, but who protested total ignorance of the outrages. Four columns, two of cavalry and two of cavalry and infantry combined, were scouring the plains, spurred on by caustic suggestions from the rear.

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A guard was placed over the dismantled camp and demoralized station at Cimarron Bend. A new keeper moved in, and the company, with all possible consideration, moved the widow and the fatherless back to the home of her people near Leavenworth. The Fifth and Seventh parted company, but the last thing Vinton did was to ask Ray to keep an eye on Sergeant Howell when he turned up again, as Ray predicted that he would. "I want to see that fellow some day, face to face," said Vinton, and Ray promised that he should.

That was the day after the squadron came to the aid of the troop. Then C was recalled by courier, much to Ray's indignation and the rage of the men. "In their present temper," wired the Indian Agent at the Cheyenne reservation, "these men would butcher indiscriminately." So, taking the back track, they rode for the Smoky Hill, and there was Howell calmly waiting their return.

"I report myself for absence without leave, sir," said he with quiet dignity to Lieutenant Ray, but the look in his eyes almost invited question, and, instead of ordering the man under arrest, the officer temporized:

"Met with an accident, Sergeant?" queried Ray.

"No, sir; I can offer no excuse." And standing sturdily at "Attention," the tall, sinewy trooper gazed with something akin to placid unconcern into the perplexed face of his young commander. Ray was but a year or so out from the Point. He believed in discipline, but he loved a soldier.

"It's the first time in the long months I've known you that you've missed a duty, and you're not the man to shirk a fight, Sergeant Howell, yet you knew there was every prospect of one."

"Yes, sir; that's one reason I held back."

Ray had been seated on a campstool. Now he sprang to his feet.

"Sergeant Howell," said he, "you know perfectly well that, if that were so, court-martial would be too good for you. This is no trifling matter. There was some deeper reason for your staying. You were kept there with a sprained ankle early in the summer. Now, what's the real excuse?"

"I have none to give, Lieutenant. I deserve to lose my chevrons."

Ray's face clouded still more. What could be the explanation of this strange conduct? If the trooper's manner had been defiant or insolent he would have known how to settle the question on the spot, but Howell's behavior was quiet dignity and subordination combined, and the Kentucky gentleman had long since realized that under the flannel blouse of the soldier beat a heart as thoroughbred as his own. For a moment more he stood irresolute, his dark eyes studying the Virginian's impassive face. At last he spoke:

"On any other matter, Sergeant Howell, I'd back your word with my last dollar. When you tell me you shirked a fight I simply can't believe you. What you were before you joined us we can only guess. What you have been since we know. You have led in half a dozen scouts and scrimmages. How can you expect me to believe that you would sneak out of this?"

For a moment the silence was painful. The old First Sergeant, a mute spectator, was breathing hard, his red-rimmed eyes fixed in mingled disbelief and disapproval on his junior's pallid face, for Howell had turned white.

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"You put it strongly, sir," said the latter at last, "but it is because there was something I had to do before my last fight, and because—because I knew my next fight would be—my last!"

"Sheer superstitious nonsense!" said Ray that night to the doctor. "The man's out of his head. They whisper it here that he fell madly in love with Hutchins' pretty young wife. That's what's the matter. But I can't break him. By gad, I won't break him!"

There were Corporals in C Troop who thought it queer that those chevrons on Howell didn't come off. There were

There had been a month of the devil's own work along Smoky Hill

privates in the ranks, one or two, who said they ought to come off, but old Sergeant Moriarty shut up every sinner that opened his head on the subject in his presence. He even found words to defend the Lieutenant's sending Howell away to the railway with dispatches while the troop went into camp, as ordered, at Cimarron Bend.

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Here they stayed until the snow began to fall, and it was noised abroad that just as soon as it got deep Sheridan himself was going to head a winter campaign against the redskins. There was no catching Cheyennes in summer, but wait till the weather forced them to stick to their villages and see what would happen. The Seventh were already warned, and Vinton's squadron, with others, was moved into the old supply camp to refit, and Ray, with C Troop, was thereon bidden to pull up stakes and march back to join his own regiment in Nebraska.

But the first question Vinton asked was, "Where's Sergeant Howell?"

"Detailed as one of the headquarters' guards," was the answer. "Forsyth took a shine to him, and I couldn't say no."

Vinton gave a long whistle. "That accounts for one thing," said he, "but I wonder what it has to do with this." And he drew from his pocket a letter and handed it to Ray. It was a grateful missive, thanking the Captain for his efforts to get her a pension, and telling him that, through the generosity of the troopers and of some unknown friend of her dear husband, she and baby needed for nothing. They had everything in the way of comfort and quite a sum in bank.

"I am told on good authority," said Vinton, "that a Washington lawyer wrote to her that he was directed to place to her credit the sum of $5000. It is banked at Leavenworth now." Whereupon Ray echoed the long whistle and said:

"By George! I've got it!"

Then came the snow and the winter stalking of the Cheyennes. The Seventh, with Custer in the lead, followed Black Kettle's band away down to the Washita, and, with band playing Garry Owen, dashed in on the smoky tepees and found the redskins could fight like rats in a hole. Before the day's work was half done Indians by the hundreds were coming from every direction to the aid of their fellows, and the snow-covered slopes grew black with their swarming braves.

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The Seventh slipped out of the meshes only in the nick of time and drew away under the veil of night. Vinton's squadron had suffered but slightly, and for this reason, perhaps, was chosen to convey the wounded to a supply camp on the Canadian.

It was slow, cold, toilsome duty. Men lose heart when toes and fingers are frost-bitten and the wounded moan day after day and die in misery along the dreary wastes. The Indians were far behind, but the supply camp was still far to the front, when one night a "norther," fierce from the wide sweeps of the Dakota plains, blew down their frail shelters, and turning tail to the blast, the horses, crazed by some sudden panic, tore loose the hard-driven picket-pins and thundered off into the southward darkness, Vinton's beautiful bay with the rest.

A dozen horses failed to break loose, and leaving his dismounted men to build snow-shelters and guard the wounded as the gale subsided, Vinton pushed forth, with Lieutenant Carey and eight troopers, on the trail of the runaway herd. The mercury had dropped below zero. The treeless plains were still swept by the wind.

They rode onward all the following day, miles and miles to the south, crossing the trail of the regiment on a back track of its own, plunging into deep drifts in the coulées, shivering over bare ridges and divides, swept clean by the broom of Boreas, and reached at nightfall the banks of a stream that had turned to solid ice since they crossed it the week before. Here they found the first relic of the herd. Half devoured by the coyotes was the carcass of one of the horses.

Huddling together for warmth and comfort, the little party bivouacked under the shelter of a bank, praying for, yet almost dreading, the coming of day. And dread it well they might. Half-frozen though he was, the sentry kneeling at the edge of the little clump of willows saw the dazzling sun climb above the low horizon of the eastward valley and tinge with brilliant hue snowdrifts along the river and the feathered crests of a score of active horsemen darting about the wind-swept slopes, and rounding up the precious herd the little command had risked so much to recover.

There were Vinton's horses, and there, too, were their captors. Trooper Burke had barely time to arouse his mates when there came humming by their startled ears a shot from the bend above them. A volley followed from the willows below, and Burke's life blood spurted over the snow as he gasped at his young commander's feet.

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The all-day siege that ensued is an old story on the plains. From sunrise until late that afternoon the little squad stood off and held at respectful distance a band of sixty warriors, well armed and thirsting for vengeance. By four o'clock three of the number were dead and three more sadly wounded. Vinton himself was bleeding, but undaunted. Something told him the Seventh would get the news and turn to save them.

And just before the setting of the sun the rescuers came. A sound of distant cheering, a clamor of shrill, defiant yells, a scurry of pony hoofs down the slopes and away across the frozen stream, a sharp volley of carbines, and a crackle of revolvers, and Vinton's powerful voice went up in a hail of welcome to the leaders of the blue-coated troop that came tearing into sight in pursuit of the foe.

Three soldiers made straight for the snow and sand pits where lay the besieged, and one of them, a tall, spare, sinewy trooper, threw up his hand as he reigned in at the edge of the bank, and smiled faintly at sight of Vinton, then toppled headlong into the drift at his horse's feet.

They dug him out, and Vinton took his head on his shoulder and hugged him to his heart, but tears burst from his wearied, haggard eyes as he read the truth in the deathlike pallor spreading over the Sergeant's face. Yet, smiling indomitably, the Virginia soldier said his few words.

Bob Anderson, who wouldn't give his parole at Trevilian, had 'listed under the old flag after all. Home and kindred were gone at the close of the war. Then came his meeting in Kansas with Hutchins, his recognition of the old Sergeant, his later love for that Sergeant's wife. Then came the tragedy that widowed her and brought about his temporary desertion until he could secure to her the little sum that had been saved from the wreck of the family fortune, for something had told him, the hero of a hundred fights and fields, that only one more would be allotted to him.

"You said you wanted to meet me face to face, Captain," he murmured at the last. "It was a doggone mean trick to have to play on a gentleman—that horse business at Trevilian—but—is there anything more—a Southern soldier could do—to square accounts?"

They laid one of Custer's guidons on his breast before they fired the last volley over him next day.

"No man can impeach my loyalty," said Vinton, "but I wish that we had an old Saint Andrew's cross to lay there with it."

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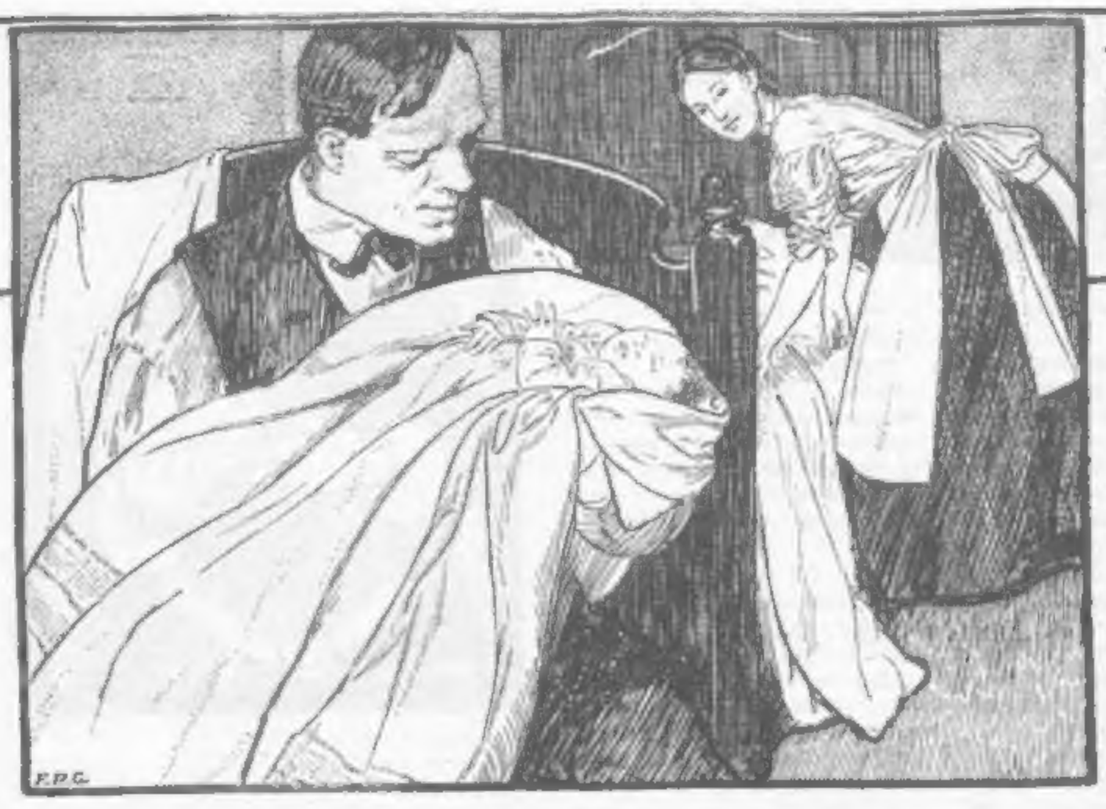
GENERAL CHARLES KING was born in Albany some fifty years ago, and was graduated from West Point in 1866. More than any other writer has he familiarized civilians with army life, as nearly all his stories—and they are numerous—are founded on military life. Captain King, as he is familiarly known, was in the Civil War on the staff of his father, General Rufus King; he was a gallant and dashing young officer in the Indian campaigns, and was badly wounded in 1879. When war with Spain was declared he was one of the first to offer his services, and President McKinley gladly availed himself of General King's experience and ability.

TALES OF THE CROSS ROADS

Number Four



MA' JANE'S BABY

By *Julia Truitt Bishop*

With Drawings by F. C. GRUGER

HOWDY-DO, Mis' Peters? Yes, I knowed I'd take ye by su'prise, but I jest couldn't rest till I'd run in for a minute to tell ye the news. No, never mind about my ole sunbonnet; I'll throw it over on to that cheer. Ye didn't know I'd come back, did ye? I got home las' night, jest in time for supper, an' I let ye know I was plum tired to death, a-ridin' in that ole jolty wagon.

"Oh, yes; John brung me home, an' he's that crazy about Ma' Jane an' that baby that he jest did wait to eat a little snack an' feed the horses, an' then he was on the road back. If ever they was a man that was a plum fool about a baby, John is that man.

"Hadn't ye heerd about it? Oh, it's a girl—a awful pretty baby. Some folks says it favors John, but some says it favors Ma' Jane, an' some says it favors neither one of 'em. It's consid'able like our side o' the fam'ly, though. It's got blue eyes, like what I had when I was young—though my eyes don't look like they use to, since I got to wearin' spectacles. An' I think it's goin' to have a Brigson nose, too. I hope to gracious its nose won't be like John's, for he's got a nose that's the very picture o' contrariness.

"Oh, no, now; don't go to the trouble to make coffee for me. It ain't more'n a hour since I had mine. Well, if ye're shore it ain't no trouble, I don't mind if I do take another cup. I feel kind o' run down since I come home, for I lost consid'able sleep up at Ma' Jane's.

"Yes, it was a month ole yistiddy—an' a mighty good baby; as good as ever I see. It's a fine thing it is good; for as it is, ever' time it cries John comes a-tearin' into the house, lookin' as skeered as a rabbit, an' a-askin', 'What's the matter with the baby, Ma' Jane?'

"I declare, it 'ud make a cat laugh to see that great, big, six-foot feller a-takin' on over that little bit of a six-poun' baby. If it's asleep he crawls aroun' on tip-toe with them big shoes o' his'n, an' I've actially saw him take 'em off an' carry 'em in his hand when he wanted to go out o' the room.

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"One time he knocked ag'in a cheer an' made a little noise, an' you'd 'a' thought he'd busted up a powder magazine, the way he looked. He jest stood there for about three minutes, pale as a ghost, an' then he says, 'Gosh ding me!' kinder under his breath, an' crep' out o' the room.

"I kep' a-tellin' John that he hadn't oughter keep things too quiet, for it would make the baby nervous, but, my! you can't learn John nothin' about babies. He tied a rag roun' the hammer o' the clock, so's it wouldn't strike so loud an' wake the baby, an' the way that clock sounded after that 'ud 'a' sent the col' chills all over ye. John an' the ole rooster had a picnic ever' day, for the ole rooster was jest dead set to git right under Ma' Jane's winder an' crow, an' John was dead set he shouldn't. I reckin if John chunked him away oncet since I been there, he chunked him away a hundred times; an' in five minutes there'd that rooster be ag'in, crowin' like he was paid to crow.

"It use to fret me to see John carryin' on like that, but Ma' Jane jest laughed. She said let John alone; it never hurt her nor the baby none for him to take on, an' it seemed to be a lot o' pleasure to him. Ma' Jane's got some mighty funny notions since she got married to John.

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"A leetle mite more cream, Mis' Peters, an' jest a little sugar. I use to drink my coffee straight, but now I take it with trimmin's. I reckin I've got so I ain't as savin' as what I use to be when I had Ma' Jane to raise.

"John's that big an' clumsy that it always did skeer me to death to see him go anigh the baby, an' I kep' a-warnin' him off ever' time he'd start to tech it. One time, though, I let him set down by its crib, an' I went out to see about clearin' away the supper things, an' gittin' ever'thing fixed for night, an' I reckin I must 'a' been out a hour or so.

"When I come back, John was a-settin' in that same position, kinder leanin' over the crib, an' I told him it was time he was a-seein' about the milkin', for it was mighty nigh sundown then. He kinder looked up an' held up his hand, motionin' me to keep still. 'I can't git up,' he whispers. 'The baby's a-holdin' on to my finger.' Did ye ever hear the beat o' that? There that baby had been a-holdin' o' his finger afore it went to sleep, and John was afraid to move les' he wake it up. I ain't much on humorin' children, an' I thinks what must be done must be done, so I jest went an' taken the baby up and put it on the bed, an' I says, 'Now ye can go, I reckin!' An' he got up an' snuc out, an' never said beans. I've saw a heap o' funny people, Mis' Peters, and the most of 'em ye know too, but I never have saw the beat o' John for makin' a ravin', tearin' fool o' hisself over a baby.

"Ma' Jane ain't anywhere nigh so p'tic'lar with the baby as I'd 'a' thought she'd be. Jest three or four days afore I come away she was a-straightenin' aroun' the room a little, an' John was a-settin' there a-watchin' her, an' all at oncet she picks up the baby an' lays it in John's arms, an' says, in that quiet way o' her'n, jest as if nothin' was a happenin': 'John, won't ye hold the baby while I fix the bed?' Ye could 'a' knocked me down with a feather; to think o' that great, big blunderbuss that never had a holt o' a baby in his life! John kinder gasped an' turned red as a beet, an' the mercy is he didn't drop that baby then an' there.

"I told Ma' Jane she was a-runnin' a awful resk, but she said she reckined a man that had holt on to as many runaway horses as what John had could manage to hold on to a baby some way. I can't understan' Ma' Jane, an' that's the truth o' it. She ain't nothin' like what I'd 'a' expected her to be, with the raisin' she had.

"No, thank ye, not another drop. If I was to drink any more coffee to-day I'd be a-shakin' like I had a chill. Ye make mighty good coffee, Mis' Peters. Some o' these days I'm a-goin' to come over an' git ye to show me jest how much groun' coffee ye put in.

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"The baby's name? Good land, ain't I mentioned it yet? I never have saw folks have sech a time a-namin' a baby. I kep' a-askin' what name they was goin' to give it, for I was kinder worried for fear Ma' Jane 'ud want to name it after me, an' I've always thought Susanner was sech a ugly name. John, he said if it had been a boy, he reckined he'd 'a' picked out a name for it, but bein' as it was a girl he guessed he'd leave it to Ma' Jane. Ma' Jane set there, the firs' time it was mentioned, kinder singin' to the baby an' a-lookin' at the fire, an' John kep' a-watchin' her, kinder sheepish. A blin' man could 'a' saw that he was jest a-dyin' to have Ma' Jane say she'd 'a' wanted the baby named after him.

"'If it had been a boy,' he says, thoughtful like, 'I think maybe I might 'a' called it Nathan, after my father. The ole man's name was Nathan.'

"Well, I was plum outdone by the impidence o' that, an' if I'd 'a' died for it I couldn't help speakin' up.

"'I reckin Ma' Jane had a pa o' her own she could 'a' called the baby after, when it comes to that,' says I. I can stan' a whole lot from John, but when it come to namin' Ma' Jane's baby after his kinfolks, that was where I quit.

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"Well, it kep' a-goin' along that way, an' ever'body was a-callin' the baby 'Babe,' an' sech like things, till I jest had to speak up.

"'If ye all don't give that child a name pretty soon,' I says, 'she'll have ever'body callin' her 'Miss Babe' when she grows up, like that long, slouchy Babe Jones. Why don't ye name her, an' done with it, Ma' Jane? Here's the preacher comin' to baptize her nex' Sunday, an' ye ain't got airy name picked out for her yet.'

"'I'll pick out a name for her in plenty o' time,' says Ma' Jane; but she wouldn't give nobody a hint o' what she was a-thinkin' o'. I kep' a-feelin' pestered for fear Ma' Jane would name that baby after me, an' I didn't want that to happen on no account. There never has been a child named after me yet, an' I hope to gracious goodness there never will be, for if they's anything I can't abide it's the name o' Susanner.

"At last I says to Ma' Jane, kinder feelin' roun', ye might say:

"'Ma' Jane, as long as ye can't name the baby after John's pa, ye might name her after his ma. I reckin he wouldn't mind who she was named for so's it was some o' his fam'ly.'

"'I don't like fam'ly names,' says Ma' Jane, going on with her work as quiet as ye please; an' after that I felt easier, ye might say, for then I knowed she wa'n't a-goin' to name the baby after me. I s'posed, of course, she'd give it some high-soundin' name out o' a book, an' I was powerful sorry o' that, for I like ole-fashioned names the best. But it wa'n't no use to say nothin' more to Ma' Jane, for she's set in her ways, for all the worl' like what her pa was.

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"Well, Sunday the preacher come shore enough, an' still nobody but Ma' Jane knowed what the baby was goin' to be called. John looked like ye could say 'Boo!' to him an' skeer him over into the nex' county, when the preacher taken the baby an' says, 'What will you call this child?'

"An' Ma' Jane says, in that soft little voice o' her'n:

"'She's named "Johnnie," after her father.'

"John? Oh, he jest stood there, an' taken to tremblin' first, an' then he begin to grin, an' o' all the pictures he made o' hisself! As soon as it was over he taken Ma' Jane an' the baby both up in his arms an' kissed both o' 'em, right afore the preacher, until I was that mortified I couldn't stay in the room. He's gone aroun' ever since with his head up, grinnin' an' actin' that foolish till I couldn't hardly stan' to look at him.

"Well, I b'lieve ye, Mis' Peters, it's a funny name for a girl—but, no, I wouldn't 'a' liked for her to be named after me. Do ye think so? Oh, I've always thought Susanner was sech a ugly name. Yes, I reckin folks would 'a' expected it, bein' as it's Ma' Jane's first, an' a girl; but I'm downright glad she didn't. No, I don't think John would 'a' cared if it had been named after me, but as Ma' Jane wanted it 'Johnnie,' w'y he wa'n't sayin' no.

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"Oh, yes, I must be a-goin'; ever'thing's at sixes an' sevens at my house, it's been neglected so long. Ye see, goin' to Ma' Jane's has upset me somewhat, an' they's been nobody to look after the things and tidy up whiles I was gone. Jest throw me my ole bonnet, will ye, an' come over as soon's ye can, Mis' Peters. Don't wait to dress up, now, but jest pick up an' come ahead, like I did. Ye'll be mighty welcome, but I can't promise ye jest as good coffee as ye make.

"Yes, I shouldn't wonder if I was to git to callin' her 'Babe,' after all. I don't know as I can ever git usen to the name Ma' Jane's give her. Well, good-by, Mis' Peters."

"John looked like ye could say 'Boo' to him an' skeer him over into the nex' county, when the preacher taken the baby an' says, 'What will you call this child?'"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This sketch is number four in the Cross-Roads Store series. Those already published are:

I—At the Cross-Roads Store,	July	2, 1898
II—Jim Dawson's Funeral,	July	9, "
III—Ma' Jane's Husband,	March	25, 1899
IV—Ma' Jane's Baby,	April	29, "

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE OLD STAGE

BY WILLIAM H. CRANE

Red hair was always considered the sign of the low comedian

WHEN that ubiquitous person, the veteran playgoer, begins to talk of the "good old times," you can always tell what the drift of his conversation is going to be by his "Ah, me!" and his long and carefully drawn sigh. The present generation of playgoers, however, no longer takes the harmless old man seriously, for it knows something of these "good old times," and it knows how they compare with the present.

I have not a word to say against the actors of the old days; I have a great deal to say for them. But one gets tired of hearing the veteran playgoer tell you, as Joseph Jefferson felicitously put it, that the good actors are those that are dead.

Even in the days of Peg Woffington, Garrick and Kitty Clive, the veteran was not contented, but sighed for the times of Betterton and Wilkes; and later on, when Edmund Kean and John Philip Kemble were upholding the honor of the English stage, the veteran talked of the "good old days of Garrick," and patted the great Kean on the back condescendingly. When people tell you, with a sigh, that we no longer have Edwin Forrest, Edwin Booth, Barrett or McCullough, ask if they remember when their fathers sighed for the glorious days of Junius Brutus Booth, George Frederick Cooke and Burton.

If they don't remember, I do. I was a boy when those who are sighed for to-day were in their prime, and I thought then that it was impossible to improve either our actors or our stage. I was told, however, that I was wasting my enthusiasm on times comparatively insignificant. I didn't think so then; I don't think so now; but great as I think the "good old times" of my youth were, I think the stage of to-day is much greater, and at least four times greater than the "good old times" of my father.

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When you come to consider changes, you have two elements, the audience and the actor. The audience of fifty years ago, or even forty, was as different from the audience of to-day as night is from day. In the actor, personally, the difference may not be so great, but it is greater in its surroundings. When you go into a theatre now, you go into a brilliantly lighted building; the foyer is attractive, the interior of the theatre itself is artistic and pleasing to the eye, the seats are inviting and splendidly upholstered.

In the "good old times," the fact that "an audience assembled quietly" was considered of sufficient importance to be chronicled in the daily papers. The pit was the cheapest part of the house, and it was filled with men and boys who never hesitated to express their will. As the time approached for the curtain to rise, they would whistle and express their impatience in a number of ways. "Hoist that rag," followed by a prolonged "Weogh!" was one expression that I distinctly recall. The audiences of to-day will not tolerate any of the old-time interruptions, nor will it stand any intolerance.

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The difference between the "then" and the "now" of the actor is just as great. The art of "make-up" had not then reached its present high development, principally because the lighting of the stage had not become as artistic a matter as it is to-day, and the light not being so powerful, did not necessitate the same high coloring, nor the study of the effect of light and shade on the face. Some white chalk was put on, then some vermilion for color, and India ink was used to mark wrinkles.

Sometimes, after an actor had been working very hard, and the perspiration would begin to start out, you would be confronted by an old man whose face was full of perpendicular wrinkles. This made him appear as though he were looking at you from behind bars arranged as a baseball mask.

All this is provided against to-day by the grease which is put on the face first, by the progress made in the manufacture of face paint, and by the great care that the actor gives to the very smallest detail of his appearance. Then, too, there is a question of expense.

I remember seeing a famous actor, well remembered by many of the present generation, go on the stage with a wig which was so carelessly arranged that the people sitting at the end of the orchestra could see the space between his real hair and his wig. When somebody remonstrated, he exclaimed that he would not spoil his properties by "greasing it down." Now, unless it is a costume play where it is apparent that wigs are worn, at least nine-tenths of the audience doesn't know whether it is the actor's own hair or not that they see.

—and a villain without his black wig was no villain at all

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One reason why the theatre has the millions of supporters that make it so powerful to-day is that, aside from the appearance of the entrance, etc., the stage is inviting; it pleases, it suggests, in addition to fulfilling its mission in aiding in the creation of an illusion.

Times, indeed, have changed since the days when Addison made humorous chronicle of the sale of a stage manager's properties:

> "A new moon, somewhat decayed; a rainbow, a little faded; a setting sun; an Imperial mantle made for Cyrus the Great and worn by Julius Cæsar, Bajazet, King Henry VIII and Signor Valentini."

In an early play by William Percy there is a preface giving a list of the necessary properties, and ending with this fine hint:

> "Now if so there be that the properties of any of these that be outward will not serve the turn by reason of the concourse on the stage, then you may admit the said properties which be outward and supply their places with their nuncupations only in text letters."

Not long ago I ran across an inventory of the properties of the Theatre Royal in Crow Street, Dublin, 1776. When I saw among them such items as "four small paper tarts, three pasteboard covers for dishes," it amazed me to think how little progress had been made between that day and the period of two generations ago, and how much in the last forty years. Several years ago, when the great Italian actress, Duse, came over here, and had *papier-mâché* fruit served in a dining-room scene, there wasn't a newspaper that didn't comment on it very severely; and yet only three decades ago real fruit on the stage would have been considered startling realism.

As an instance of the way things are done to-day, I will state that when I produced A Virginian Courtship, the sum of $2000 was expended in having furniture made expressly for the piece. Real oak was the material, and the furniture of the time was exactly copied.

Of course, the scenery of fifty years ago was a great improvement on that of a hundred years ago, or further back, when changes were indicated by such simple devices as the hanging out of a sign to indicate that what five minutes before had been a palatial ballroom was now the deck of a ship. Each change for the better was received with wild delight and amazement, and the improvement has gone on until it has reached what might be called over-improvement, where we have fire engines, water tanks, etc., on the stage.

The faults of the old days were traceable to the lack of means and invention, whereas those of our day are traceable to lack of taste, and not knowing where to stop. Israel Zangwill said recently that at certain intervals he presented his cook with theatre tickets, and he always made a point of sending her to some theatre where she would see a fire-engine or a snowstorm. "Not that she does not see these things regularly on the street, but she takes particular delight in seeing them where they do not belong."

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In the matter of costume, as well as of stage-setting and make-up, the actor has progressed wonderfully. In my day there was not the same incongruity in dressing that there had been in a time a little earlier, for serious students among actors had bettered matters in that direction. It is said that when Garrick first decided to appear as Hamlet in tights, discarding the old and absurd trousers, there were many emphatic protests.

Red hair was always considered the sign of the low comedian, and a villain without his black wig was no villain at all. There were such absurd traditions to overcome as the smearing of Michael Cassio's face with snuff, to show his intoxication in Othello. Our audiences are keener, sharper, psychologically, as are our actors also, and the result to-day is more delicate method in giving an impression.

The great changes that have come over the country have made audiences more refined, just as they have made life more refined. On the stage, changes have taken place in the actors, and an old familiar type has passed away—the actor who was a "jolly good fellow" passed a day over his cups, and then, when play time came, clapped his hat on the side of his head, and, with several boon companions, swaggered out of the tavern to the theatre. It was considered very clever to be wild-eyed and peculiar; long hair and marked idiosyncrasies were thought to show great histrionic genius.

The change was brought about by men who loved their profession, taking it seriously, and working to make it respected. The growing refinement of the audiences encouraged the actor in this, by preferring him to others whose roistering lives naturally showed in the character of their work. When refinement pays, its success is assured.

The refinement in the actor's life is shown in the actor's art. Effects are obtained in a more delicate way, and all the old ranting has disappeared. The old idea of a tragedian was a big, handsome man, with a tremendous voice—to have thought of being a tragedian without having an immense organ of speech would have been absurd. Now it is not the volume that counts so much as the variability; not so much the way big things are done as the way small things are opened up; personality is still admired, but psychology has taken the foremost place.

As I have said, the general attitude of the actor to society has changed from a Villon-like Bohemianism, but I think that which will most strike any one who looks back over the theatrical past is that the "big men," the geniuses who represent a period, and whom one immediately thinks of when a certain year is mentioned, these, the great actors, are represented to-day by a different kind of man.

Imagine how an American audience would treat such an exhibition as Kean and others made over the body of George Frederick Cooke, the famous tragedian. Cooke had been buried in the strangers' vault of St. Paul's Church, New York, and when Kean was here he had the body removed to the public burial grounds, and a monument erected at his own expense. When the body was taken up, however, Kean took as a memento one of the dead actor's toe bones, and other devout admirers stole the head. Kean went back to England and said:

"I have brought my son Charles a fortune. I have the toe bone of George Frederick Cooke. The Directors of the British Museum would give £10,000 for it, but they sha'n't have it."

And when his wife, in a fit of anger, threw it out of the window, he exclaimed that he was ruined.

And what a vast difference between Junius Booth and Edwin Booth. The latter was a scholar and a gentleman of the finest type; the former was a genius, but with all the faults characteristic of the actor of his day.

—long hair and marked idiosyncrasies were thought to show great histrionic genius

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And on the feminine side there was eccentricity also—not so much of it, perhaps, but yet enough to mark the flavor of the times, just as we get the flavor of Shakespeare's time from the fact that boys were obliged to play the female parts, the theatre being an unfit place for respectable women. Mrs. George Jones was the famous actress of the time, a little before my day, and she was noted for two things—her remarkable beauty, and her readiness with the horsewhip. She was called the "man-flogger," a title derived from the fact that she had cowhided more actors and editors than any other strong-minded woman in the country. It was also a favorite device of this actress to go before the curtain and weep copiously—a device intended to show what a brute the manager or the leading man was, and what a persecuted person the leading lady was.

Forrest's early career was marked by eccentricities. Of course, one blames the actor, but, as Garrick once said, the privileges of an actor's life were to be petted and pelted, privileges that made the actor as changeable and childish as the audience. To-day audiences are impressed, moved to tears, but they no longer interrupt the play to express dislike for the villain or admiration for the hero.

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We no longer have affairs like the famous Macready riots, when the New York theatre was stormed by a howling mob, bent on preventing the appearance of the English actor, the result being the calling out of the militia and the shooting of several harmless people.

Tyrone Power, the famous Irish comedian, caused a riot in an Albany theatre in the early sixties, simply by boasting that he had aristocratic blood in his veins, and that he did not care for Yankee audiences. Prominent citizens got together, circulated handbills, and a mob assembled at the theatre one night and howled all through the play.

People who regret the "good old times" merely show themselves unable to keep step with the march of time. Individuals are always to be regretted; periods never.

Warren, comedian, and Forrest, tragedian of the old school, Booth, Barrett and McCullough of the transition period—a glorious galaxy, I admit, but we to-day are reaping the benefits of their work—finer theatres, finer native plays, finer audiences—as others, those who are to come after, will profit in their turn by our labors.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This paper is the first in a series on Famous Actors of the Past Generation, by Great Actors of the Present, in which glimpses will be given into the personality of our old-time famous actors and their struggles and triumphs.

With Pictures By George Gibbs

The PASSING OF "WOODEN WALLS"

A CENTURY OF NAVAL PROGRESS

By REAR ADMIRAL PHILIP HICHBORN
CHIEF CONSTRUCTOR U. S. N.

THE dawn of the present century found this nation, of five and one-half millions of people, with a Navy of fifteen wooden sailing vessels; but half the number in service when the Declaration of Independence was signed.

They comprised the Constitution, President and United States, of forty-four guns each; the Chesapeake, Congress, Constellation, New York and Philadelphia, of thirty-six guns each; the Essex, of thirty-two guns; Adams, Boston, General Greene and John Adams, of twenty-eight guns each; George Washington, of twenty-four guns, and Enterprise, of twelve guns: a total of 492 guns.

The first six of these vessels were designed by Joshua Humphries, the first Chief Constructor of the United States Navy, and one of them, the Constitution, is still in existence, to perpetuate the memory of her own great victories, as well as the achievement of her able designer, who produced a war-ship distinctly in advance of vessels of other navies. This marked our first progression in naval architecture.

The War of 1812 was begun with a Navy of but seventeen vessels—those above mentioned, except the New York, General Greene, George Washington and Boston, then unfit for service, and the Philadelphia, burned by the daring Decatur after her capture by the Tripolitans, together with the following vessels, added to the Navy from 1803 to 1806: The Hornet and Wasp, of eighteen guns; Argus and Siren, of sixteen guns; Nautilus and Vixen, of twelve guns, and the Viper, of ten guns.

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After the War of 1812 a long period ensued in which, so far as naval matters were concerned, little progress is to be noted, unless in minor details, until 1843, with the single exception of the completion, in 1815, of the Fulton, a centre paddle-wheel steamer, the first steam vessel of the United States Navy, designed, in 1814, by Robert Fulton, but the war terminated before she could be placed in actual service.

Notwithstanding the eminent success of this first steam vessel, the progress of the steam engine in its application to vessels of war was exceedingly slow. Numerous experiments were made, with but little success, and until the second Fulton (a side-wheel steamer) was completed, in 1837, there seemed no assurance of the adoption of steam in the Navy.

From this date the progress was more uniform, and in 1844 the Princeton, the first screw-propeller in the United States Navy, was completed. The construction of several side-wheel and propeller steamers followed, notably that of the Powhatan, of the former class, built in 1847, which had a long and successful career.

In 1854 Congress authorized the construction of six first-class steam frigates, to be provided with screw propellers. These vessels were named the Merrimac, Wabash, Minnesota, Roanoke, Colorado and Niagara. Of these vessels, the pioneers of our present steam Navy, Bennett, in his History of the Steam Navy of the United States, says:

> "When they first went abroad they became objects of admiration and envy to the naval architects of Europe, and their type was quickly copied into other navies. . . . Just at that period the American ship-building industry had reached its highest development; our architects had attained a skill in their profession which made their work famous throughout the world, and lent to the word American, when applied to ships, a peculiar significance, always an accepted guarantee of excellence.
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> "Some of the most eminent of the American ship-builders were members of the naval construction corps, which then included such men as Mr. Lenthall, the Chief Constructor of the Navy, the two Delanos, Messrs. Pook and Hanscom, and several others, all famous in their line. To these gentlemen the Navy was indebted for the designs which made our new ships the admiration of the world, and so elevated the standard and reputation of the American Navy that every officer and man felt an accession of pride at being part of such an organization."

In 1844 the first iron steam vessel in the American Navy (the U. S. S. Michigan) was built at Erie, Pennsylvania. This vessel is still in service, and despite her age (fifty-five years) bids fair to continue for several years in the Naval Register.

Notwithstanding the success attending the construction of the Michigan—considered in those days as a questionable experiment—it remained for the emergencies of the Civil War, years later, to give the needed impetus to iron ship building. Then the monitors, low freeboard vessels, with revolving turrets, were constructed after the designs of their famous inventor, John Ericsson, and a few iron steam vessels were built. Even these, while called iron vessels, were fitted with oak deck-beams and framing, the rolling of deck-beams of iron not being then perfected.

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The five iron double-turret monitors, Puritan, Terror, Amphitrite, Miantonomoh and Monadnock, form the nucleus of our present Navy. They were designed and partially completed under the head of "repairs" to the old iron-plated wooden monitors of the same names, but are in fact new vessels of modern design, not a pound of the old material having entered into their construction.

These vessels, with their prototypes, the first monitors, represent the first departure from the conventional designs of war-ships handed down from Revolutionary times. True, steam propulsion had been previously introduced, and the proportions of length and breadth had been varied somewhat, but the essential methods of construtcion of the hulls remained practically the same throughout the first half of the century.

The five monitors had been on the stocks for eight years partially constructed when Congress was, in 1885, induced to make appropriation for their completion. The construction of the Chicago, Boston, Atlanta and Dolphin, the first steel vessels of the Navy, had been authorized two years earlier, and there has since been evidenced in Congress a strong purpose, supported by the popular will, to make the Navy of the United States commensurate with the standing of the country in the family of nations.

This determination has been so fully adhered to during the past sixteen years that, at the beginning of the war with Spain, we had the following modern vessels ready for active service:

Battle-ships	5	Monitors, double-turret	6
Armored ram	1	Dynamite gunboat	1
Cruisers of all types	18	Gunboats	66
Torpedo-boats	9		

Of these it may well be said none were inferior to vessels of like class and displacement in any other Navy.

To these were added 123 auxiliary vessels, purchased merchant steamers and yachts, converted for war purposes.

At the present time we have built, or building, aside from the 123 auxiliary vessels (many of which, being well adapted for naval purposes, it would be well to retain in service):

Battle-ships	13	Gunboats	18
Armored cruisers	2	Torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat destroyers	53
Protected cruisers	19	Training-ship	1
Armored ram	1	Iron cruising vessels	5
Dynamite gunboat	1	Wooden cruising vessels	8
Monitors (omitting the thirteen iron single-turret monitors, which are now of little service)	10	Sailing vessels	6
		Tugs	14
Vessels captured in Spanish-American War			7

making a total of 158 vessels, either ready for service or to be completed before the close of the century.

REAR-ADMIRAL PHILIP HICHBORN

There are seventeen other vessels on the register which are unfit for sea service, and are used for receiving-ships and for other harbor purposes.

The last Congress authorized the following vessels: Three battle-ships, three armored cruisers and six protected cruisers, designs for which are now in preparation, and we can confidently expect that a number of the latter vessels will be added to the service within the next two years. All these vessels will be sheathed and coppered, thus being enabled to keep the sea without loss of speed from fouling, and insuring their independence of dry docks for long periods.

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We can see from what has already been said that our progress in design of naval vessels has not been a gradually uniform progression, but that, on the contrary, it has moved in epochs, if it may be so described. First, there was the period of wooden hull construction, extending over more than half the century, followed by that of iron and wood combined, soon displaced by complete iron structures, and finally the displacement of iron by mild steel, and the gradual perfection of the latter material in quality, strength, and to the best shapes adapted to the requirements of ship-building.

The steam engine in its original form, as placed in the Fulton in 1845, was but poorly adapted to the requirements of a vessel of war. It was developed into the side-wheel form of propulsion, which was first adopted in the Navy in 1837. The introduction of the screw propeller in 1842 gave a great impetus to the perfecting of the marine engine.

From the simple engine, with its noisy exhaust, has been evolved, in three-quarters of a century, through great varieties of compound engines, the vertical triple-expansion twin and triple screw engines, now almost universally used for the propulsion of our naval vessels.

Steam generators have advanced by slow stages from the "caldron," used in the first Fulton, to the several types of efficient water-tube boilers of the present day.

Our vessels of Revolutionary fame were armed principally with eighteen, twelve and nine-pounder cannon. The Constellation was the first vessel to be armed with twenty-four-pounders, on which they were mounted in 1800. The thirty-two-pounder came into service during the war of 1812. These guns, mounted on wooden carriages, were operated entirely by hand, requiring a gun's crew of at least fourteen men for the large guns. The gun was formerly fired by a hot iron applied to a few grains of powder at the touch-hole; then the slow-match was introduced, succeeded after a time by flint locks, percussion locks and friction tubes, and the electric-firing apparatus of to-day.

It was with the guns as with the ships on which they were mounted—but little advancement was made in the first fifty years. Then the possibility of rifling being assured through improvements in machinery, rapid strides were made in designs of ordnance. Spherical shot, necessitated by the old smooth-bore guns, were discarded for elongated projectiles. The breech-loading gun succeeded the muzzle-loader, only to be displaced, except for the largest calibres, by the rapid-fire breech-loading rifle.

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The guns are now mounted, no matter what their weight or dimensions, in such manner as to be readily elevated, depressed, trained and aimed with but little physical exertion. Whereas with the old thirty-two pounder a gun's crew of fourteen men, with the greatest possible exertion, could fire but one shot in about five minutes, with the new four-inch rapid-fire gun, which discharges a projectile of thirty-three pounds' weight, one man can, in fifteen seconds, perform all these functions without effort, and the shot will perforate four and three-quarter inches of steel at 1500 yards, a distance which was beyond the effective range of the old thirty-two-pounder. The great twelve-inch steel gun now being manufactured for our battle-ships will at the same distance drive its projectile of 850 pounds through nearly twenty-one inches of steel.

The improvement in gunpowder and the invention of more powerful explosives has kept pace with advance in ordnance and dictated important changes in design of both guns and mounts. The early adoption of smokeless powder—a desideratum—is now assured, and with it will come still greater advance in ordnance.

The introduction of electric power in our vessels of war for other than lighting purposes is of comparatively recent date, but it bids fair to be an important factor in new ship design. Its use so far in displacing steam power for the operation of turrets, hoists, winches, boat cranes, ventilating fans and other auxiliary machinery has given such general satisfaction, owing to freedom from noise, heat and the other ills inherent in steam power, that its more general application is assured. And, in fact, the suggestion of the use of electricity, liquified air, or perhaps some other at present unknown power for the propulsion of ships in the next century, is not so chimerical, in the light of the wonders of the nineteenth century, as may at first appear.

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The tons of rigging, thousands of feet of sail; and lofty spars which for so many years of our history were the pride of the naval officer, have now almost entirely disappeared from our modern vessels, which rely solely on their twin or triple screw engines for propulsion.

Our old frigates, with their "wooden walls," have given way to steel battle-ships of ten times their displacement, with armored sides from one foot to a foot and a half in thickness protecting the motive power. From the use of railway iron and boiler iron in the early sixties, to compound iron and steel armor of the following decade, manufactured abroad, and face-hardened steel armor, now manufactured in this country, is an advancement which seems most too prodigious for so short a period; but even now we have in contemplation the adoption of a process of face-hardening which will produce plates equal to armor made by the present method of manufacture and still be about one-fifth less in thickness.

Even to one unversed in naval construction the great advantages of this improvement will be obvious, affording as it does a greater protection on a specified weight of armor, or with the same protection allowed for the vessels now under construction permitting of a wider distribution of armor, or greater allowance of weight for machinery or other purposes.

The battle-ship of the present is a compromise of the contentions for speed, armament and protection. On a given displacement, undue allotment of weight for either of these purposes means a sacrifice of either of the others. The balancing of these to a nicety results in a vessel of the greatest efficiency. The limit of reduction of weight of machinery, armament and armor seems to have been practically reached, and it only remains to be seen whether by radical changes the efficiency of the man-of-war of the future can be increased.

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There would appear to be some expectation in this direction from the use of smokeless powder, either in diminishing the amount of space and weight required or in effecting more power in the gun; from the use of improved armor, by lessening the weight to be carried or affording greater protection; and from the application of electricity to all auxiliary machinery on shipboard. The latter is quite an important item, and would result in many advantages, as well as a greater efficiency, and this can be better understood from the statement that on some vessels no less than four different powers are utilized, viz.: electric, steam, hydraulic and pneumatic.

Surely there are some possibilities of improvement left for the next century, if only in the adoption of a single motive power.

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The Majesty of Calmness

CALMNESS is the rarest quality in human life. It is the poise of a great nature, in harmony with itself and its ideals. Calmness is the moral atmosphere of a life self-centred, self-reliant and self-controlled. Calmness is singleness of purpose, absolute confidence and conscious power, ready to be focused in an instant to meet any crisis.

The Sphinx is not a true type of calmness,—petrifaction is not calmness. That is death, the silencing of all the energies; while no one lives his life more fully, more intensely and more consciously than the man who is calm.

The Fatalist is not calm. He is the coward slave of his environment; he is hopelessly surrendering to his present condition, recklessly indifferent to his future. He accepts his life as a rudderless ship, drifting on the ocean of time. He has no compass, no chart, no known port to which he is sailing. His self-confessed inferiority to all nature is shown in his existence of constant surrender. It is not calmness.

The man who is calm has his course in life clearly marked on his chart. His hand is ever on the helm. Storm, fog, night, tempest, danger, hidden reefs,—he is ever prepared and ready for them. He is made calm and serene by the realization that in these crises of his voyage he needs a clear mind and a cool head; that he has naught to do but to do each day the best he can by the light he has; that he will never flinch or falter for a moment; that, though he may have to tack and leave his course for a time, he will never drift, he will get back into the true channel, he will keep ever headed toward his harbor. *When* he will reach it, *how* he will reach it, matters not to him. He rests in calmness, knowing he has done his best. If his best seem to be overthrown or overruled, then he must still bow his head,—in calmness. To no man is permitted to know the future of his life, the finality. God commits to man ever only new beginnings, new wisdom, and new days to use to the best of his knowledge.

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Calmness comes ever from within. It is the peace and restfulness of the depths of our nature. The fury of storm and of wind agitate only the surface of the sea; they can penetrate only two or three hundred feet,—below that is the calm, unruffled deep. To be ready for the great crises of life we must learn calmness in our daily living. Calmness is the crown of self-control.

When the worries and cares of the day fret you, and begin to wear upon you, and you chafe under the friction,—be calm. Stop, rest for a moment, and let calmness and peace assert themselves. If you let these irritating outside influences get the better of you, you are confessing your inferiority to them, by permitting them to dominate you. Study the disturbing elements, each by itself, bring all the will-power of your nature to bear upon them, and you will find that they will, one by one, melt into nothingness, like vapors fading before the sun. The glow of calmness that will then pervade your mind, the tingling sensation of an inflow of new strength, may be to you the beginning of the revelation of the supreme calmness that is possible for you. Then, in some great hour of your life, when you stand face to face with some awful trial, when the structure of your ambition and life-work crumbles in a moment, you will be brave. You can then fold your arms calmly, look out undismayed and undaunted upon the ashes of your hope, upon the wreck of what you faithfully built, and with firm heart and firm voice you may say: "So let it be,—I will build again."

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When the tongue of malice and slander, the persecution of inferiority, tempts you for just a moment to retaliate, when for a moment you forget yourself so far as to hunger for revenge,—be calm. When the gray heron is pursued by its enemy, the eagle, it does not run to escape; it remains calm, takes a dignified stand, and waits quietly, facing the enemy unmoved. With the terrific force with which the eagle makes its attack, the boasted king of birds is often impaled and run through on the quiet, lancelike bill of the heron. The means that man takes to kill another's character becomes suicide of his own.

No man in the world ever attempted to injure another without being injured in return,—someway, somehow, sometime. The only weapon of offense that Nature seems to recognize is the boomerang. Nature keeps her books admirably; she puts down every item, she closes all accounts finally, but she does not always balance her books at the end of the month. To the man who is calm, revenge is so far beneath him that he cannot reach it,—even by stooping. When injured, he does not retaliate; he wraps around him the royal robes of Calmness, and he goes quietly on his way.

When the hand of Death touches some one we hold dearest, paralyzes our energy, and eclipses the sun of our life, the calmness that has been accumulating in long years becomes in a moment our refuge, our reserve strength.

The most subtle of all temptations is the *seeming* success of the wicked. It requires moral courage to see, without flinching, material prosperity coming to men who are dishonest; to see politicians rise into prominence, power and wealth by trickery and corruption; to see virtue in rags and vice in velvets; to see ignorance at a premium, and knowledge at a discount. To the man who is really calm these puzzles of life do not appeal. He is living his life as best he can; he is not worrying about the problems of justice, whose solution must be left to Omniscience to solve.

When man has developed the spirit of calmness until it becomes so absolutely part of him that his very presence radiates it, he has made great progress in life. Calmness cannot be acquired of itself and by itself; it must come as the culmination of a series of virtues. What the world needs and what individuals need is a higher standard of living, a great realizing sense of the privilege and dignity of life, a higher and nobler conception of individuality.

With this great sense of calmness permeating an individual, man becomes able to retire more into himself, away from the noise, the confusion and strife of the world, which come to his ears only as faint, far-off rumblings, or as the babble of the life of a city heard only as a buzzing hum by a man in a balloon.

The man who is calm does not selfishly isolate himself from the world, for he is intensely interested in all that concerns the welfare of humanity. His calmness is but a Holy of Holies into which he can retire *from* the world to get strength to live *in* the world. He realizes that the full glory of individuality, the crowning of his self-control is,—the majesty of calmness. —WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

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How the Census Determines National Policy

THE census of 1900 will be less elaborate than its recent predecessors, but if it be honestly and efficiently taken it will answer a number of questions of transcendent interest. Besides the mere question of statistics of population there are other questions, for whose answers the country will look to the new census. For instance: Are we becoming more or less thoroughly Americanized? Is the foreign-born population gaining on the native, or vice versa? Is the American stock maintaining its vigor, or are small native families bringing the race to the condition of the French?

Is the movement of population tending to make the race problem in the South more or less acute? Are the negroes increasing or diminishing in proportion to the whites? Are they concentrating in the cities and in the lowlands of the Gulf and South Atlantic regions, or are they maintaining a persistent diffusion? What progress are education and thrift making among them? Are pure-blooded negroes holding their own, or is the race becoming bleached out?

How does the increase of national wealth compare with the increase of population? Is property becoming more or less concentrated in few hands? Are tenants of homes and farms increasing or diminishing in proportion to owners? Are the general rates of wages rising or falling? Is the geographical distribution of wealth becoming more or less even? Does progressive concentration of the people in the cities still continue? Are country districts becoming depopulated?

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How is religion progressing? Is the proportion of church members to the total population increasing or declining? What is the relative progress of the various denominations? Are the Protestant or Catholic churches making greater headway? What is the state of education? Are there more or less illiterates than formerly? Are the public schools gaining or losing in relation to the private and parochial schools? Are the children of foreign-born parents becoming generally educated? Is illiteracy becoming more or less characteristic of particular States or sections? Are the colleges and universities obtaining progressively more students in proportion to the population? Are public libraries becoming more generally diffused?

What do the statistics show of the concentration of industry? How far will the trusts leave their trail in the diminution of number and the increase of size of manufacturing establishments? Will the influence of the department stores be shown in a heavy transfer from the column of merchants to that of clerks and salesmen?

What changes will be shown in the relative importance of industries? Will agriculture still stand first, or will it be outstripped by manufactures and railroads?

Upon the answers to such questions as these will largely depend the policy of the United States during the next ten years. They will show where natural tendencies are satisfactorily working themselves out, and in what direction lie dangers that must be warded off. —SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

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The Question of Sex Before the Law

A LATE event has once more made us ask whether murderers who are women ought to be killed by the State. There are three parties to the discussion. One says the death penalty should be paid by women even more than by men murderers, because the former have done greater outrage to nature than the latter. A second party holds that executions should be abolished for both men and women. A third would save women because they are women, and chivalry and decency demands that we do no violence to one of the sex that are mothers.

Of the three, the last seems to the present writer the least justifiable. Men and women are equal before their Creator, and should be so before mankind. God's mercies are shown to women as to men; and His chastisements are visited upon the one as upon the other. Christ did not condemn the woman taken in sin; and He promised Heaven to the thief upon the cross. Death was the punishment alike of Ananias and of Sapphira. Nowhere do we find any discrimination between the sexes in Holy Writ. To each is given a nature capable of choosing freely between good and evil. Sin stains the souls of both alike—neither more nor less.

The chivalric idea had its beginning in the Middle Ages; it was based upon no spiritual or moral conception of woman, but solely upon the physical one. Her bodily strength was less than man's; this had, till then, been held good reason for man's tyranny over her; but then it was said, Indulge her because she is weak; do not crush her, for the very reason that you have the power to do so. Externally, the chivalric attitude toward woman was one of respect and reverence; internally, it was one of contempt and insult; for the slave it substituted the plaything. No cause more than chivalry has retarded the development of women. Because she was not the match for man physically, the inference was drawn that she could not be his equal spiritually or mentally.

We have long outgrown any need for considering the physical aspect of the matter; and during this century women have aimed to prove that the spiritual and mental inequality is a myth. They are proving their ability to rival men in industry, and (if the laws will permit) in Government also. On what plea, then, shall they be freed from the penalties decreed for crime? Will any one maintain that because the average woman has not the muscular vigor of the average man, therefore the State shall refrain from inflicting upon any particular woman the penalty of death pronounced according to law? "The human body is the temple of God," but the woman's body is thereby not more sacred than the man's. The mother of Jesus was a woman; but Christ put away the mother part of Himself, and was incarnate God. The name of mother is reverend, but is the name of father less so? It is contended that "civilization" forbids the indecency of executions of women. Does "civilization" imagine that it can gain credit by forbidding such executions, while it has not availed to prevent a woman from doing murder? "Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also." We are asked to excuse the spiritual outrage of murder, in order that we may not be forced to be so ungallant as to apply the electric shock to a person of the female sex! Surely this is the very nadir of mawkishness.

For the same reasons that I think women should be equally with men amenable before the law, do I dissent from those who say that she should be more amenable. A woman's temptations tempt her as urgently as a man's do him; and her power to resist them is as great or as little as his. The real question, then, seems to be, Shall capital punishment be altogether abolished? But that is a question of entirely different scope and quality; and though it might seem, at first, paradoxical to say so, it can never be settled by any man, or nation. A law to abolish may, indeed, be passed, and this or that community of people may for a time put it in force, but that would settle nothing. We shall continue to inflict the death penalty so long as we believe it to be the severest of penalties. In so believing we are at one with the murderer, who kills his victim because so to do is the last expression of his hate. But the murderer's real victim is his own soul. So long as there remains the desire to kill and the dread of dying, so long capital punishment will stay with us. Not by law, but by purer religious faith and perception, can the death penalty be repealed. —JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

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The Nation Ruled by Sentiment

BECAUSE we are a nation of money-makers we have acquired among superficial observers the reputation of money-worshipers. The tremendous influx of strange peoples, not yet by any means assimilated, renders it difficult to obtain a definite view of that composite thing called a national character, but there is nothing in recent events to indicate that we have lost in the slightest degree that imperious strength of sentiment which led to the original settlement of our Eastern shores; our revolt against Great Britain; our establishment of a new ideal of Government; our invitation to the oppressed of earth to find freedom under our flag, and our terrible self-sacrifice in human life and wealth that the institution of slavery might not stain the consistency of our theories. The birth and development of the United States constitute the finest poem ever lived by man. There has never before been a nation founded on so high an order of sentiment as ours, or so undeviating in its devotion to the task of realizing its noblest dreams.

Wealth to the people of the United States has been more a necessity of their situation than the result of their efforts or the product of their ambition. It was here when the first immigrants arrived—spread along the millions of arable acres and reposing in countless lodes and ledges of coal, iron and precious metals beneath the surface of the earth. So intrinsically rich was the country that thousands have achieved fortune merely by sitting still while the goddess of the cornucopia has poured her treasures into their laps.

It may be irreverent to detract from the glory of the much-vaunted "self-made men" among us, but surely no man in any other land was ever enabled to "make himself" so easily. We have been a nation of money-makers because the wealth was to be had for the taking; and what peoples of the scornful East—what Kings and Emperors, indeed—would not set their tubs to catch a golden rain?

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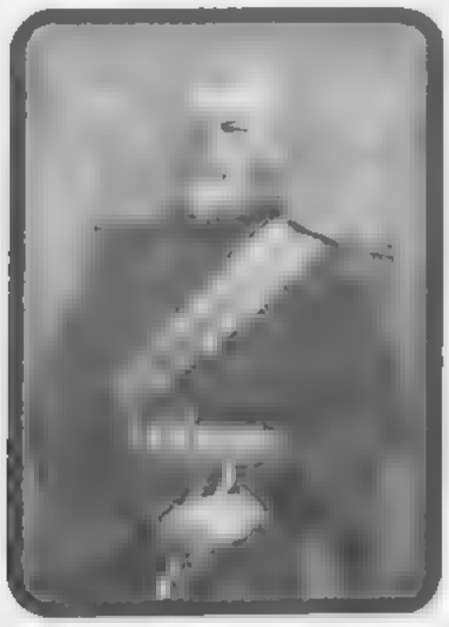
That this Aladdin era has not spoiled the people of the United States there are many evidences outside of our steady devotion to the ideals of our Government. The magic millions have not made millionaires alone—they have established a system of education which is one of the most splendid manifestations of sheer sentiment that civilization has ever known. They have been poured forth for the treasures of art with a prodigality which has seemed at times pathetic or absurd in its indiscriminating love for the abstractedly beautiful. The unique New World explorer in the Old World repositories of art has been ridiculed and swindled. He has sometimes paid "old-master" prices for the work of new masters in counterfeiting, and his worship of relics and of the monuments of the past has seemed grotesque to the people who have grown apathetic toward them through long association. But, defrauded or "getting the worth of his money," he, and not the one who has swindled or laughed at him, has been the man with the real sentiment.

That the people of this country have not yet produced a distinctly national literature or art is not due to any lack of sentiment in themselves, but to inchoate conditions which have rendered compact expression impossible. It is certainly a high artistic province to be a loving patron of the arts—a fact which the poets, novelists, picture makers and musicians of Europe should, in the case of the United States, be especially reluctant to deny.

The nation which has borne the banner of sentiment in a leadership of civilization will not inflict servitude upon the people of Cuba or the Philippines; Presidents, Generals and Admirals—the rash mistakes of the half-children of the islands—may obstruct for a time, but they cannot prevent. The people of the United States will settle the question, as they have settled all great issues, not with a cold and calculating head, but with a sympathetic heart.

The war with Spain was an emotion born of sympathy with servitude and suffering. A few temporary leaders may have counted upon sordid gain, but the people forced and fought the war that Cuba might be free. They will see to it that their wishes in this are carried out, and that the ultimate expansion in the Philippines shall be not one of territorial acquisition, but one of human liberty. —FRED NYE.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"



O. O. HOWARD
MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. ARMY (RETIRED)

Our Part in the Peace Conference

WITH other citizens, the American soldier, who counts his citizenship of more importance than his profession, delights in the idea of a Peace Congress, which shall consider the best interests of mankind, and, if possible, show how perplexing and irritating questions of national import may be met and disposed of without resort to war.

The present Czar of Russia, doubtless by Divine inspiration, has paved the way for the coming peace meeting at The Hague. Our President, I notice, will send good representatives of the common sentiment of the people to plead the interests of the United States, not only in extreme peace measures, but in all that affects our Republic—the diplomatic, the martial and the industrial.

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What are they to consider, these representatives coming from the civilized nations of the world? The great leader in his extraordinary message has indicated some things for consideration. First: The subject of arbitration. What an array of war questions, already settled by arbitration, can our own delegation draw from the records of our State Department and present with confidence before this tribunal, and thus show the thorough practicability of avoiding war in the great majority of cases where war is imminent!

Second: The exemption of private property, in war on sea or land, from seizure. Our history is full of the heavy burdens that have come upon our own citizens, replete with suffering and often with extreme impoverishment, occasioned by such cruel seizures; and there appears to be nothing but extortionate cruelty in the perpetual enforcement of this war measure.

Third: The excessive barbarities of public war. The Middle Ages have given us, in history, multitudes of examples in which the horrors of strife have exceeded necessity; where wells of water have been poisoned, paths and roads filled with explosives, and prisoners exposed to every invention of cruelty, terror and torture.

Fourth: Another suggestion is in the Peace Note touching improvements in the art of war. It will do no harm, of course, to discuss this subject very thoroughly. The attitude of our country in this matter will probably be against the proposition, because every improvement in armament which includes material, arms and ammunition and methods of supply will serve to shorten a war, and in the long run probably cost less in human life and in possessions.

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Journals of the pessimistic type and several which are strongly opposed to the present Administration at Washington have ridiculed the idea of our sending a delegation to the Peace Conference at all. They declare that it ill becomes a nation like ours, which has just increased its Army to more than ten times its ordinary strength, doubled its Navy, and done its best to bring its organizations to completeness, to join with those whose purpose is to introduce a common diminution of the appointments of war. They consider our attitude one of aggression, of increase of force, of intensifying and extending the war spirit. What, then, they ask, will be the sense of undertaking to put forth anything against war?

The answer is simple: Other nations have been excessive in their preparations for war and in the numbers of their armies, till the burdens are too heavy, too exhausting to be borne. We have not. A diminution on their part is simply common sense. They do not need these armies for any immediate use, and they do need the men who compose them to develop their productive industries, and to work, not for the destruction, but for the welfare of their fellow-men.

We may say further, that we have never been up to our gage in an ordinary police force. Such force has been needed in the past to prevent savages from murdering our women and children and burning our towns. This police will be needed in the future for securing a decent and stable government in our new possessions, where, at least, a protectorate has become an absolute necessity.

It is evident enough from the discussions of the last Congress that the American people are determined to have no large standing Army, and to authorize only such temporary levies of volunteers as shall from time to time be required. The great heart of this Republic to-day beats strongly for peace and peace methods.

O. O. Howard

That are Making HISTORY

The Wave of American Prosperity Overflows Into Canada

The great wave of prosperity that began sweeping over the United States last year extended to our Northern neighbor with several notable results. The output of minerals was increased in value by more than $5,000,000, and Canada became the fifth gold-producing country, with a yield of more than $14,000,000.

Her aggregate trade with Great Britain increased by more than $30,000,000 and with the United States by more than $13,000,000, and her trade with the United States comprised over $45,700,000 in exports and over $78,700,000 in imports, exports showing a decrease, and imports the large increase of $17,000,000.

Financial operations showed the largest increase in clearing house exchanges in the history of the country—$215,000,000, the gains in Montreal and Toronto being especially noticeable. Two clearing houses only reported a slight decrease.

Triumphant March of the Americans from Manila to Malolos

An enemy's seat of government has always been regarded as a superior prize of war, and its capture has generally led to speedy negotiations for peace. A capital city represents officially the Government and sovereignty, and when the first falls the others are usually at the mercy of the conqueror.

Driven like a herd of cattle from one strong point to another, the Filipinos were expected to make a stout stand at Malolos, their capital. They had made its approaches as strong as their military knowledge dictated, but when they saw that their trenches offered no serious barrier to the American pursuit, Aguinaldo and his leaders slipped out of the city two days before General MacArthur and his command took possession of that place.

A slight stand was made half a mile from the city by a small insurgent contingent, who, when driven from the bamboo and earth works, fired the city and fled to their comrades in the mountains. Besides the natural advantages of woods, jungles, water-courses and intense heat, the Filipinos had depended on successive lines of trenches, but these proved useless before the fire of the American artillery.

The Nation Honors Its Dead of the Santiago and Porto Rico Campaign

The largest funeral that has ever occurred in the United States, and one of the most impressive ones on record, took place on April 6 at the National Cemetery at Arlington, near Washington, when the remains of about three hundred and fifty soldiers and civilians who had lost their lives in the campaigns of Santiago and Porto Rico were laid in their last resting place.

A country, grateful for their devotion and heroism, paid their memories the unusual honor of bringing home their bodies and giving them interment in ground consecrated to the heroic dead of the Army and Navy, with full military honors, while the flag for which they had fought waved at half mast over every public building, fort, camp and vessel of the country.

The transport that brought these bodies back carried a much larger number, but the others were delivered to friends for private burial. This touching national tribute was inspired by the President, who has directed that the remains of the dead of the Philippine campaign shall also be returned for similar honors at an appropriate season.

Strengthening the Demand for the Direct Election of Federal Senators

That large portion of the public that favors the election of United States Senators by direct popular vote has seen much in recent legislative proceedings to strengthen their convictions. In three States, California, Delaware and Utah, the Legislatures adjourned without making a choice, and in Pennsylvania the deadlock outlasted that in any other State.

The objections to the present system of electing Federal Senators have assumed a stronger moral phase than ever before, and charges of corruption, attempted bribery, party treason and social ostracism have become alarmingly and disgracefully plentiful.

Honest and dishonest legislators, if there be any of the latter, are alike subjected to some form of odium, and in several of the most closely contested canvasses men of more than average sanity at home have acted as if bereft of all reason. There is good cause to believe that the leaven of reform is actively working a change in this matter, and that it will also have an influence in purifying the political atmosphere of our State capitals.

Getting at the Truth of the American and British Bombardment at Samoa

The delayed report of Rear-Admiral Kautz threw much light on the peculiar condition of affairs at Samoa which caused the bombardment of the Mataafa villages by the American and British war-ships.

What is of more consequence, besides the exposure of the unwarranted act of the German Consul General at Apia that brought on the rebellion, is that the report served as a means of clearing up to the world another misunderstanding of the United States that had been created principally by the press of Berlin.

Ambassador White was instructed to express to the German Government the regret of this Government that it had been necessary for the American naval force to engage in hostilities; but the German press made him express regret for the action of Admiral Kautz in withdrawing recognition of the Provisional Government of Samoa and subsequently opening fire on Mataafa.

With the full report before him, President McKinley has heartily approved the conduct of Admiral Kautz, an approval also voiced by the State and Navy Departments. Doctor Solf, the new President of the Municipal Council of Apia, although a German subject, has been formally accepted by the United States and Great Britain, and has made a favorable impression both in London and Washington.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

As I read the article, Newspaper Reading as a Dissipation, I was impressed with what the newspaper publisher said about the style of reading the public demanded. The newspaper man who depends on the sensational is in a *rut*. The public, as a whole, do not demand such "trash." Perhaps they may have done so when news was scarce, and he still thinks he must go on gathering all the wicked news he can find because he always has. He should take a vacation, and talk with the people who read his paper and learn whether it really is *crime* that they are most interested in.

People are thinking, and there is a demand for a better class of reading matter than may be found in the average newspaper; if not, why is it that people are willing to pay a larger price for a paper like THE SATURDAY EVENING POST?

The sensational newspaper man has never tried to attract the public with any other device. He hasn't any idea what a vast amount of material there is in the world that would "make copy." G. T. D.

Sherman Heights, Tennessee.

[There is really no such class as "the public as a whole" when it comes to a question such as reading. It must be conceded, however, that the *newspapers* throughout the country that have the largest circulation in their respective communities are usually the ones that, to put it mildly, are "most companionable with the worst side of human [illegible]." It is easier and quicker to catch public attention with the sensational, but it is a temporary success that is harder to hold.—The Editor.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

[illegible] Irving says that the grave is a sorrow from which we wish to be separated. Is this not also true of some air-castles? Thirty-eight years ago, at the age of nineteen, I left a good, kind-hearted mother in Germany and came to the hospitable shores of the Union in order to assist in fighting its battles. When I bid farewell I built a double air-castle, one for my mother's ripe patience, the other for my youthful impetuosity—that is, the resolution to return.

But alas! sickness and sorrow made the realization of my dream impossible. Seven years ago the death of my mother caused the breezy castle to fall, like dew, upon more than one substantial foundation I had built for it. The care for wife and children and the performance of professional duties had made return impossible, but the remembrance of the castle proper will ever remain to be dear to me. It is a sorrow from which I do not wish to separate. G. H. M.

New Middletown, Indiana.

[An ideal, even if never realized, is not an air-castle. The constant effort toward the attainment of the ideal is often an indirect compensation for a man's failure. He is better and stronger for the trying. An air castle implies idle dreaming, not unsuccessful results. An air castle is the type of what keeps man from the highest and truest living, never what keeps him toward it.—The Editor.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I have been an interested reader of the broad-gage editorials in your paper and of the letters sent in reply. I was especially interested in Julian Hawthorne's What Shall We Say of This Man?

An orthodox reply to this in a recent issue has brought to my mind several passages of Scripture not usually quoted by orthodox people, which might be taken as an answer. Christ said to His disciples: "This is My commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you" (John xv: 12). "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another" (John xiii: 35), and "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John xv: 13).

Love to God proved by love to man was His summary to the Pharisees of the commandments, the law and the prophets.

Surely we cannot deny that according to his light this man O'Donnell, by assuming the living death of a prison for his brother's sake, showed the highest love of which man is capable.

Surely the just Judge who pardoned the thief upon the cross could not condemn one who, though he may have failed to keep the law in the "oldness of the letter," bore the fruit of Christ's mission upon the earth by keeping it in the "newness of the spirit." RUGENE SMITH

Masonville, Colorado.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I was greatly interested in reading Mr. Crissey's editorial, Where Literature is Loved and the comments of F. N. R. thereon. I think that Mr. Crissey has the right point of view and that F. N. E. is somewhat of a pessimist.

I was a farm boy myself, and am a farmer now, and live in a part of the country not particularly noted for its intellectual advancement, and I think that among our English-speaking farmers there is a larger percentage of intelligent, well-informed men than in the towns and cities.

We farmers now have our daily papers, magazines and periodicals, such as the Post, by which we may keep in [illegible] the events and current literature of the day. It is true [illegible] do not have access to large public libraries, but in these days of cheap books the average farmer is well able to supply himself and his family with what are necessary for either improvement or amusement. As to F. N. E.'s complaint that it is a continual round of work on the farm, there is some truth, but does not the farmer have as much time for reading and intellectual improvement as his brother of the city, who has to utilize every moment and concentrate every energy on his business in order to be successful in these days of keen competition?

Adamsville, Quebec. CANADIAN

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Mr. Jordan's interesting article on the Kingship of Self-Control is widely comprehensive and most helpful. It should stimulate and encourage all rational minds in their respective enterprises, designs and experiences.

Human feelings are highly elastic, and the events of life mould and shape them in proportion to the measure of our control over self. He who reigns within, ruling all passions, desires and fears, is more than a King. Without self-knowledge there can be no restraining power, and that knowledge is gained by wise reflection.

Thus, as we obtain ascendency over self we become conquerors through Divine strength. SUSAN CULVER COLLIN

Chicago, Illinois.

[Self control is difficult, because it must ever be a battle fought alone. One is not heartened, as in the performance of some act of physical bravery, by the cheering crowds, the plaudits of the daily press or the warm-hearted congratulation of friends. It means: know thy weakness *and* thy strength; conquer thy weakness *by* thy strength. Self control in its ultimate perfection is the royal road to man's rising to the full revelation and realization of the glories of living.—The Editor.]

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

Little Stories About Seth Low

The character of Seth Low, twice Mayor of Brooklyn, New York, and whom the President has selected as a member of the American delegation to the Peace Conference, was illustrated early in his political life. In 1881, after he was nominated by the Brooklyn Republicans, he publicly announced that he would pay no money to secure his election. He was waited upon by a delegation of prominent politicians, who protested against his determination.

"You can't be elected, Mr. Low," said the spokesman, "by such methods."

"Any man," replied Low impressively, "who resorts to any other methods should be defeated."

SETH LOW

This statement was printed, and, as much as any other one thing, served to elect him Mayor.

Two years ago the memoirs of the Rev. J. Toomer Porter, President of a Presbyterian military academy in Charleston, South Carolina, disclosed a secret transaction of Mr. Low's of thirty years' standing. It was in the '60s that the offices of Mr. Low and his father, the late millionaire tea importer, were the headquarters of visiting Southern Presbyterian ministers. Impious wags used to say that they were engaged in a tea-trade revival. Mr. Porter's book explains the visits.

"During the past thirty years," he writes, "I have raised $1,000,000 through prayers for the cause of education in the South. Among those who responded most generously to these prayers I may mention A. A. Low and the Honorable Seth Low, his son."

Shortly after President Low made his famous gift of $1,000,000 to erect Columbia's splendid library, some one said to him:

"If you keep on this way, Mr. President, you will die a poor man."

"Well," responded Mr. Low, "Mrs. Low and I have talked that matter over thoroughly. We have no children, and we have about decided that we love our relatives too much to provoke any of them to contest such a will as I may make."

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Mr. Gage's "Cabinet Meetings"

In his younger days, Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, was an athlete, and could lift one thousand pounds. He is probably not able to accomplish this physical feat now, but he is a financial athlete who is able without any difficulty to raise $200,000,000 on a popular loan. Mr. Gage's personal habits are just as simple now as they were in the days when he performed such tricks as lifting immense weights. He takes much exercise and is always in fit condition physically.

Each member of the Cabinet has provided for his personal use a handsome equipage, and most of them ride to and from their offices each day. Secretary Gage is an exception. It is a very industrious clerk of his department who is found at his desk earlier than the Secretary.

The Secretary has introduced in his department one of the habits of his banking days. As President of one of the large financial institutions in Chicago Mr. Gage inaugurated the custom of serving luncheon to all his clerks and employees, and he and his staff met each day at the table with in the bank building and discussed affairs connected with the administration of the institution.

He has brought this custom with him to Washington, and is the first head of a department to hold "cabinet meetings" of his assistants every day. Luncheon is served in Assistant Secretary Spaulding's room, and over it Secretary Gage presides. Mr. Gage's assistants, Mr Vanderlip, Mr Spaulding and Mr Taylor, are always there, and occasionally other officials of the department and sometimes outside visitors partake of the simple meal—for it is a simple one, the cost being just twenty cents each.

The Secretary likes to joke about this modest lunch. One day when he had as his guest Mr. Kohlsaat, of Chicago, he explained that for appearance's sake they would dispense with their usual champagne frapp for fear the visitor would get an erroneous idea of the extravagance of government officials.

At these daily luncheons the Secretary and his assistants discuss any knotty problems that may arise in their various lines of work. Questions which pertain to customs and revenues, appointments, bonds, mints, gold and silver and a hundred other subjects are handled in an informal way, and many a troublesome question is decided over their tea and rolls. The discussion is open to all interested in the matter in any way, and each man's opinion is listened to with deepest attention. In this semi-official, semi-social way these officials of the Treasury keep in close touch with each other, and work together most harmoniously and advantageously.

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Mr. Evarts and Artist Chase

William Maxwell Evarts, once Attorney General of the United States, Secretary of State, and United States Senator from New York has been living in his home in New York City, in close retirement, for the past six years. Many times it was reported that he had lost his mind, and again that he was at death's door from physical ailments.

Neither is the case. Though far from being well, his mind is clear and active, and his old-fashioned home, now in the heart of business in the bustling East Side, is visited almost daily by some of the most distinguished men and women of the nation, who find the old lawyer mentally as alert as ever, and physically as well as his years permit.

William M. Chase, N. A., the painter, who is a personal friend of Mr. Evarts, relates many anecdotes of the veteran statesman. He painted the portrait of Mr. Evarts which now hangs in the State Department in Washington.

Mr. Evarts, in many respects, was a difficult subject to paint. He was not restless, but he was painfully thoughtful. One morning he interrupted the painter:

"Mr. Chase, I understand that you are a famous marksman—that you can split playing-cards, print your name with bullet-marks and do all manner of feats. This great skill," went on Mr. Evarts, "must give you wonderful confidence among your fellowmen. It should make you quarrelsome. Very few men would have the hardihood to challenge you to fight a duel."

"You're wrong, Mr. Evarts," broke the artist warmly. "I never would challenge a man to fight a duel unless he were as good a marksman as I am."

"Ah!" said Evarts, with a dry smile, "I can read the future. I shall pick up my paper some morning and see this: 'Mr. W. M. Chase, the artist, and Mr. Jones, the sculptor, met yesterday upon the field of honor in Hoboken. At the command to fire, both men pulled their triggers and the bullets met in mid-air.'"

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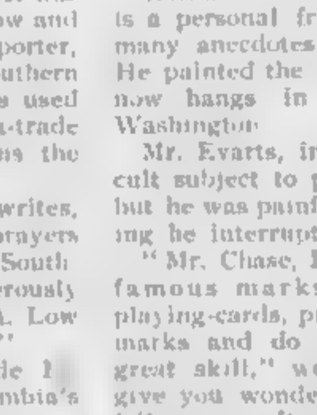
"Jack" Philip and the Boys

Rear Admiral John Philip, the "Captain Jack" of the fighting Texas before Santiago, is enjoying life in his pleasant berth as Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He is greatly interested in [illegible] work and in small boys in general. A few weeks ago one of a large number of parties of juvenile excursionists, consisting of eighty-five boys, called at his office. They wanted the Commandant to tell them a story.



REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN PHILIP

"I won't tell you a story," he replied, "but I will ask you a question. I suppose you were interested by the great battle ships you have just seen?"

"Yes, sir," chorused the youngsters.

"Well, when I was a boy I was impressed the same way by the old wooden battle-ships in our Navy. We have outgrown those fighting machines. The men of our time have replaced them with these great masses of steel. Now, when you have grown to be men, perhaps some of you very boys may be the chosen instruments of replacing these steel vessels with others as much more formidable than they, as they are more formidable than our old wooden ships. That will come some day, and I hope that some of you may have a hand in the work."

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Grant's Clever Granddaughter

The two leading belles of Washington to-day are claimed by the exclusive Army circles of the Capital. One of them is Cecil S. Miles, daughter of the head of the Army, and the other is Rosemary Sartoris, granddaughter of General Grant. They are both beautiful, clever and accomplished, and rare favorites in society.

Miss Sartoris is a beautiful and highly cultivated young lady with a particularly sweet and winning manner. She was born and partially brought up in England, her father, John Algernon Sartoris, having been an Englishman, the son of one of the famous Kemble sisters, the charming actresses. Mr. Sartoris' father was an Italian aristocrat.

Miss Sartoris still retains her English manner and speech, and although she is a very loyal American one would almost mistake her for a British maiden. She is her grandmother's favorite grandchild and is much in the company of her distinguished [illegible].

The mother of Miss Sartoris, who was known to the past generation as Nellie Grant, and whose wedding in the White House is one of the brightest memories of that historic residence, is still an active leader in Washington society. She lives with her mother in the old Olney house, on Massachusetts Avenue. She is the only one of the children of the General who facially resembles her mother. She is growing more like her mother in appearance, just as her brothers, Fred and Jesse, are becoming more like their father.

ROSEMARY SARTORIS

In his uniform, General Fred Grant can hardly be distinguished from portraits made of his distinguished father when he was of the same age. While Jesse has more of the military bearing of his father, he looks even more like the dead General than does his elder brother. Both men wear the "Grant" whiskers. Both have the "Grant" build—short, square, and suggesting strength. Each is slow of speech and taciturn to a degree.

The last time Jesse Grant was in New York he visited a certain newspaper office, and was kept waiting in the ante-room for nearly half an hour while the office-boy finished his basket luncheon. During the meal Mr. Grant sat as silent as a statue, and might have sat there the rest of the day had not one of the editors passed through the room and recognized him.

"Yes, I seen his card," explained the office boy later on, "but I tort he was de man what was Crokie's Mayor a few years ago, and I didn't tink youse wanted to see him. We run a Republican paper."

The Republican paper still runs, but that office boy is no longer included in the editorial "we."

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Our Youngest Brigadier-General

During the extraordinary march of the American troops under General MacArthur from Manila to Malolos, the dispatches from Manila were frequently confusing in noting the movements of Generals Hale and Hall.

Brigadier General Irving Hale, the youngest general officer in the Army, was born in Rochester, New York, in 1861, and was graduated at the head of his class from the United States Military Academy, in 1884.

He entered the Corps of Engineers, served for some time as an instructor of engineering at West Point, and, in 1888, won two medals in the Army rifle match at Niagara. Two years afterward he resigned and engaged in electrical engineering in Denver.

Prior to the declaration of war against Spain he had become Brigadier-General in the National Guard of Colorado. He went to Manila with the first expedition as Colonel of the First Colorado Infantry, and for distinguished services in the battle of Malate, in August, he was commissioned a Brigadier-General by the President.

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Admiral Kautz as a Confederate Prisoner

Rear Admiral Albert Kautz, of the United States Navy, who, as the senior naval officer at Samoa, took the lead in suppressing the rebellion of the Mataafa faction, is a brother of the late General August V. Kautz, of the Regular Army, and attained his present rank 11 January last.

In 1861, when taking a captured brig from off Charleston to Philadelphia, he was captured by a Confederate privateer off Cape Hatteras, and was held as a prisoner on parole in North Carolina for two months. Then, because of the imprisonment of some Confederate privateers in New York, President Davis ordered his incarceration in Richmond.

After a confinement of nearly two months he was released on parole for the purpose of securing an exchange of prisoners of war. His plan at first met with opposition in Washington, but subsequently President Lincoln yielded, and Lieutenants Kautz, Worden (of monitor fame) and Seldon were exchanged for three Confederate Lieutenants. This is said to have been the first exchange of prisoners sanctioned by President Lincoln.

At the capture of New Orleans, when Mayor Monroe refused to lower the flag on the City Hall, Lieutenant Kautz, then serving on Farragut's flagship, entered the building and personally hauled down the flag, and raised the Stars and Stripes.

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TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

Why Hobson was Kissed.—Hobson's kissing episode in the West is explained by an intimate friend. After his lecture the Merrimac hero was surrounded by a bevy of charming girls. Two of them were his cousins, and they promptly threw their arms around his neck and kissed him. The others immediately followed. Mr. Hobson, being a Southern gentleman and gallant to a degree, submitted with the best grace possible. "The whole trouble," explained the friend, "was that he didn't know enough to hold his chin up in the air. That was all."

Joseph Leiter's Activity.—Joseph Leiter, the erstwhile wheat magnate, has lost none of his energy since losing his father's millions. He is a frequent visitor to New York, and [illegible] noticeable even in the bustling city for the vigor of his gait and the nervous activity of his movements. He still has his fresh, boyish complexion, and does not look by several years his real age or by several decades his experience.

Mrs. Stanford's Business Acumen.—Mrs. Leland Stanford, of California, who is one of the richest women in the West, does not allow business matters apparently to worry her. She is dignified and composed, and rarely shows excitement. She is, however, a thorough mistress of the details of the vast estate left to her by her husband. She has proved herself to be a better manager than any of her agents, and she has brought out of the muddle which her husband's death created in her affairs perfect order and a vast fortune, which is being judiciously invested for the benefit of the university founded in memory of her dead son.

Jordon as a Naturalist.—In the early '70s David Starr Jordon, President of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, was professor of natural history in a small Indiana university. He was a long, lean, muscular man of great activity and a strong fondness for out-of-door sports. After leaving Indiana he and one of his pupils, named Gilbert, became interested in the study of fishes, and achieved international fame in the scientific world in their work in this line for the United States Government. Professor Jordon a few years ago was regarded as the greatest expert on fresh-water fishes in this country.

Mrs. Hitchcock's Klondike Trip.—Mrs. Roswell P. Hitchcock, widow of the late Commander in the United States Navy, attributes a large part of her freedom from annoyance, during her recent trip to the Klondike with Mrs. Van Buren, to the presence of a pair of enormous Great Dane dogs that were her constant companions. Besides this, Mrs. Hitchcock has a fair share of strength and courage with which to defend herself. She is nearly six feet tall, a blonde in complexion and an athlete in strength. She has written a book in which she describes her experiences in the Klondike.

BUILDING THE NICARAGUA CANAL

The NATION'S PLANS for this GREAT WORK

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS

THE Nicaragua Canal project, which has been the cause of controversy for three centuries and an object of special interest to the commercial and maritime community of the United States for fifty years, is at last upon a new and what is believed to be a sound footing.

Congress never came so near authorizing the construction of the canal as during the closing days of the recent session, and but for the fear that the addition of $115,000,000 to the already stupendous total of appropriations might affect political prospects, a bill would have been passed authorizing the President to commence work at once and voting him that amount of money for the purpose. The Senate showed less apprehension than the House, and was ready to take the risk and the responsibility.

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The result, however, was a compromise amendment to the River and Harbor appropriation bill, which placed in the hands of the President a million dollars with instructions to make a complete investigation of the various routes proposed for a canal across the isthmus; to ascertain if the franchises held by the corporations that have been at work in Nicaragua and on the Isthmus of Panama can be obtained by the Government; to prepare estimates of the probable cost of a canal under the control and ownership of the United States, and to report the same to Congress with his recommendations.

This provision is construed by the President, and by Senators Morgan and Frye and Representative Hepburn, who have been the most active advocates of the project, to commit Congress to the construction of a canal by the United States, without any intermediary corporation.

It is understood that the President will proceed on that basis, and submit to Congress in December next a complete plan for the building of a canal at the expense of the Government, under the direction of the chief of engineers, and subject to the same regulations as other public improvements. It is expected that the active work will be intrusted to Admiral John G. Walker, of the Navy, Professor L. M. Haupt, of Pennsylvania, and General Peter C. Hains, of the Engineer Corps, who now compose what is known as the Nicaragua Canal Commission, and have recently completed a survey of that route.

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The first step to be taken is to clear away the obstacle to Government ownership that is found in what is known as the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, under which Great Britain and the United States agree "that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship canal."

There are good reasons to believe that an understanding has already been reached on this point with Her Majesty's Government, and that it will be an easy matter to make a treaty that will permit us to construct and maintain the canal, provided we agree to preserve peace and neutrality, and guarantee to Great Britain the same rights and advantages that are enjoyed by our own commerce.

The next step will be to settle with the Maritime Canal Company, of New York, which has a ten years' concession expiring in October next; and with what is known as the Grace-Cragin syndicate, of New York, which has recently obtained a similar concession to take effect the moment that the Maritime Company's rights expire. The latter company has been demanding five millions of dollars as indemnity for the money it has expended and the rights it has acquired, but from the standpoint of the Government of Nicaragua they will be legally extinct on the first of October next. The President will probably refer the question to the Court of Claims for the purpose of ascertaining the value of the equities held by the Maritime Company.

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The Grace-Cragin syndicate last spring paid the Government of Nicaragua $100,000, and agreed to pay $400,000 more for a comprehensive concession authorizing it to construct the canal and engage in all sorts of enterprises from and after the ninth of October, 1899, and it will be necessary to negotiate some terms of settlement with the members, who are among the most important capitalists of New York. It may be found desirable for the Government of the United States to purchase outright the concession and privileges of the syndicate subject to the approval of the Nicaragua Government.

Nobody has any serious idea of attempting the completion of the Panama Canal, but a clause authorizing it was inserted in the law for the purpose of satisfying the demands of people who believe in that enterprise, and as a check upon the Government of Nicaragua, which otherwise might demand extortionate terms.

The Panama Canal Company has expended $270,000,000, contributed chiefly by the poor people of France, and nobody claims that more than $100,000,000 was honestly devoted to the work of construction. It is probable that $50,000,000 would cover that item. The remainder was distributed as bribes and booty among the politicians, newspapers and lobbyists of France. To save its charter and its prospects of selling out, the company has kept up an appearance of activity, the expense being paid from money extorted from those who had received bribes from the DeLesseps syndicate, and the earnings of the Panama railway, which belongs to the company, and is a profitable piece of property.

About fourteen miles of ditch have been dug through the soft alluvial deposits on the northern coast, an excellent harbor and docks have been constructed on the Panama side, and a good deal of work has been done upon two big cuts in the mountains, called Emperador and Culebra. But the most difficult problem has not yet been undertaken, and that is the control of the Chagres River, one day a purling brook and the next a roaring cataract, and the disposition of the enormous rainfall that occurs daily during the wet season, and which must be carried off through the valleys that are to be used for the construction of the canal.

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Another serious problem is presented by the tide fluctuation, which at Panama averages twenty-five feet twice a day, but it is simple compared with the other.

The managing director of the Panama Company has been in the United States this past winter endeavoring to negotiate for the sale of the franchise and property to the Government of the United States, but such a transaction would be complicated by the fact that the stock of the company is distributed in small lots among several hundred thousand peasants of France, who, deluded by false hopes, still believe it to be valuable.

It is the Nicaragua Canal in which the hope and the commercial advantages of this country are involved, and it may be safely asserted that no public work has ever been so thoroughly examined. Not less than nine surveys have been made by the Government or citizens of the United States, and the estimates of cost have been all the way from $70,000,000 to $150,000,000.

The first survey was made in 1836 by DeWitt Clinton and another capitalist, and the second in 1850-51 by a syndicate in which the late Commodore Vanderbilt and Marshall O. Roberts were the principal managers. The estimate of Mr. Menocal, the chief engineer of the Maritime Company, was $70,000,000. That of the commission appointed in 1895, consisting of Colonel William Ludlow, of the Army, Commodore M. T. Endicott, of the Navy, and Alfred Noble, of Chicago, was $133,000,000; and that of Admiral Walker is $125,000,000, Professor Haupt $90,000,000, and General Hains $140,000,000.

The average of all the estimates of cost which have ever been submitted by competent authority is $115,000,000, which sum was therefore adopted by Congress in the bill recently passed by the Senate.

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It is the universal judgment of practical men that the mechanical work and the excavating can be done for seventy-five and perhaps sixty per cent. of its cost five years ago, because of the experience and improvement in machinery derived from the drainage canal just being completed at Chicago. Nine contractors who have been engaged upon that work, probably the most competent and progressive in the world, have made a personal examination of the Nicaragua route and are prepared to submit a bid for the construction of the canal for cash, provided the contract can be made with the Government of the United States.

The Suez Canal is eighty-seven miles long, of which sixty-six miles represent an excavated channel and twenty-one miles natural navigation, and it is twenty-eight feet deep. Its cost up to the first of January, 1898, has been $115,000,000, but the popular impression is that not more than $50,000,000 was honestly expended. The gross receipts of the Suez Canal average about $15,000,000 a year, and it pays a nine per cent. dividend upon the stock, the greater part of which belongs to the British Government. The shares are held at a high premium.

The Manchester Ship Canal, giving sea-going vessels access to that great manufacturing city, cost $73,818,940, and its net revenue last year was $213,345. The Kiel Canal, between the North Sea and the Baltic, cost $33,000,000, but no reports of its revenues have been received. The length of the proposed Panama Canal will be forty-six and one-half miles, and will require a channel to be constructed through the mountains.

The total length of the Nicaragua Canal will be 169 miles, of which 142 miles will be natural navigation and twenty-seven miles artificial channels.

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There is now being constructed by the Russian Government the largest canal ever devised, to connect the Baltic and the Black Seas. It is a military necessity to enable the Russian fleets to pass from the southern to the northern boundaries of that Empire without the necessity of making a voyage around through the British Channel and the Mediterranean. It will be 1080 miles long, 217 feet wide, and twenty-eight feet deep, and will cost about $100,000,000. Navigable rivers will be utilized for about 850 miles, leaving 125 miles of artificial channel to be excavated.

The great advantage and necessity of the Nicaragua Canal was emphasized by the voyage of the battle-ship Oregon, which sailed nearly 14,000 miles, through the Straits of Magellan, to assist in the defense of the Atlantic coast against the Spanish fleet. From New York to San Francisco around Cape Horn the sailing distance is 15,660. By the Nicaragua Canal it will be reduced to 4907 miles, a saving of 10,753 miles. From Manila to New York via the Suez Canal the distance is 11,555 miles. By the Nicaragua Canal it will be 11,746 miles.

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A great deal has been written during the last fifty years to demonstrate the commercial and military importance of the enterprise, which is universally conceded, and emphasized, so far as the first consideration is concerned, by the opposition of the transcontinental railway companies, whose managers are chiefly responsible for the defeat and postponement of the various propositions that have been advanced from time to time. The earning power of the canal, based upon the experience of the Suez Canal, has also been discussed frequently and at length by experts and congressional committees. The ordinary basis of calculation is the transit of 5,000,000 tons of shipping a year at an average toll of $1.50 per ton.

THE COST OF ALASKA

THE Territory of Alaska cost $7,200,000. Up to date the fur companies have taken over $33,000,000 worth of sealskins. They have paid into the Treasury over $6,000,000 as royalties, with $1,340,533 in dispute.

No estimate of the whale fisheries is accessible, but the value of the product is roughly placed at $2,000,000 a year, and the total of $20,000,000 since Alaska was ceded to the United States.

The salmon fisheries yielded $2,977,019 in 1897, and nearly $4,000,000 in 1898. The exact figures are not yet known. Since annexation, the total output of the salmon fisheries has exceeded $30,000,000. In a letter to Congress the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries estimated the value of the Alaskan fisheries, excluding whales and seals, at $67,890,000.

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The gold output up to 1897 exceeded $15,000,000. The total for 1898 is estimated at $6,000,000, although the exact figures are not obtainable. The Treadwell mine alone, up to and including 1897, has paid $6,625,945 as dividends to its stockholders. The output for 1897 was $2,439,212.

Yet Mr. Orange Ferris, of New York, offered an amendment to the purchase resolution, while it was pending in Congress, authorizing the President to pay $7,200,000 "to any respectable European, Asiatic or African Power that will take Alaska off our hands."

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THE IMPORTANCE OF HEALTH TO A YOUNG MAN

By CYRUS EDSON, M. D.

WHEN Schopenhauer—whom the irreverent newspaper man would call "the boss pessimist"—condescended to write some essays collectively, entitled The Wisdom of Life, he placed vital energy, of food, drink, digestion, rest and sleep—in other words, health—as the first of all qualities to be desired in the effort to attain the greatest amount of pleasure and success.

It is curious to note that this famous authority on the philosophy of disenchantment felt it necessary to apologize for his attempt to instruct poor, miserable mortals how they could be happy, admitting that he had to make a complete surrender of the higher metaphysical and ethical standpoint to which his philosophical theories led, and confessing that he wrote from the point of view of every-day life.

He says that we should try, as much as possible, to maintain a high degree of health, avoiding every kind of excess of violent and unpleasant exertion, of mental overstrain, taking daily exercise in the open air, and generally adopting proper hygienic measures.

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The conditions of industrial existence are very different to-day from what they were even a quarter of a century ago, and these conditions have an important bearing on the subject under consideration. The competition of business life is now not only keen, but, it is not too much to say, fierce.

For this reason the age demands the best physical and mental qualities from those who render any kind of service. In other words, the worker must always be at his best. In former times, when the number of competent workers was not so large as it is at present, the discipline was not so strict.

This condition is illustrated, for instance, in the case of the dramatic profession. How many times in "the palmy days of the drama" has the manager appeared before the curtain to apologize for the non-appearance of a favorite performer of the evening who had been seized with "a sudden indisposition," caused, as we all knew, by his imprudent social habits. At the present time such an occurrence is scarcely ever noted. The actor, possibly more liable to such temptations than any other class of workers, must be not only clear-headed, but, as the English say, referring to good health, thoroughly "fit," at the appointed hour, to interpret intelligently the part assigned to him. The public will no longer good-naturedly tolerate lack of prudence and attention to business on the part of the Thespian.

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And it is the same in all vocations. Most of the large corporations insist that their employees shall be total abstainers from intoxicating drink, or at all events very temperate, and then always outside the hours of work. A man who has wasted his youth in dissipation, and has thus weakened his physical system, has little or no chance in the industrial race of life at the present time.

Young men, generally speaking, may be divided into three classes. First, there is the collegian, the son of wealthy and indulgent parents, who have always allowed him plenty of spending-money. He is usually a free-hearted, genial, well-meaning, but weak-minded young fellow.

This class of young men get together in clubs and social gatherings of their own, where wine forms an important factor of the entertainment. The habit of convivial drinking is formed, and before he is aware of it the young student has undermined his constitution by dissipation, which need not necessarily be disgusting in its character in order to be seriously injurious to health.

A second class of young men, residents of large towns or cities, attend the high-school or private academy. Their temptations generally grow out of the excitement of city life, especially the cheap and vulgar entertainments which abound to such a large extent, and which seem to have a peculiar fascination for many young men whose education, one would suppose, would lead them to have better taste.

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A third class of young men, who are also exposed to these temptations, are the youth of cities who belong to the humbler walks of life—who go to school as long as their parents can afford to send them, and then engage in some occupation. These two last-named classes of young men are particularly attracted by the excitement and glamour of metropolitan existence, and are easily led to form habits of idleness and dissipation which are sure to undermine the health.

With such young men it is the belief that there can be no sociability without an intoxicant. They may indulge only in the use of malt liquors, which they foolishly consider a safe kind of beverage because they are not so fiery as the alcoholic variety. Nevertheless, the man who drinks continually may be said to crave the intoxicating effect of the potation of which he partakes. If the drink happens to be of the milder sort he is liable to form the habit of taking a considerable quantity in order to produce the desired effect of stimulation.

In this way his health is soon undermined, even though he may not often indulge to the point of intoxication; his digestion is impaired, his liver gets out of order, or he contracts some serious kidney trouble as the result of his bad habits. His health being undermined, his value, commercially speaking, is just so much less.

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These and other evil habits in young men are nearly always formed through the influence of bad company. Falstaff, who was certainly well acquainted with this sort of life, truthfully said: "Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me."

Obviously, then, the young man should maintain his health as a matter of business. Commercial reasons, aside from higher motives, should be sufficient to induce him to do so. He should avoid the companions who have nothing but their convivial character to recommend them. Although such society may be congenial for a time, it will most certainly result in physical and pecuniary loss to him in the end. A young man cannot be too careful in the choice of his associates. Some will assist in uplifting him on the plane of industrial or social life, while others will be sure to prevent his progress.

The Inspiration of a Walk

BY MAURICE THOMPSON

A MAN long distinguished for the amount and quality of his intellectual labors, when asked what he did when at a loss for ideas, said: "I take a walk." The answer thus curtly made may at first glance appear unsatisfactory, even trivial, as it unfortunately coincides with a phrase of popular slang; but the speaker was sincere, and further explanation showed that he had found the habit of taking a walk very profitable, especially when his mind needed refreshment after long and exhausting work.

Writing is necessarily a stationary (let no thought of a pun arise) and almost necessarily a sedentary habit; but thinking should not always be done with a pen in hand, even when the result is at last to be literature; the desk habit sooner or later shows in work that is both originated and done between a chair and a writing-pad. The same may be said of almost every kind of intellectual work. It is the stirring man who keeps well in the current of life and its timely interests. Rarely will the closet statesman be found striking the red-hot iron of valuable public opportunity. The Premier who takes a walk and touches elbows with the moving crowd in the street or highway catches the large, influential thoughts of the day. The orator gathers inspiration for his men-moving and opinion-moulding eloquence from a thousand hints and suggestions dropped to him out of apparently insignificant sources while he is seeking escape from the grind of book-study, and the laborious investigations of the closet.

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Ministers who preach with greatest effect come to the pulpit fresh from the outdoor world where they have connected themselves with life's activities and with Nature's brimming marvels of beauty. Teachers from whom their classes receive the finest shocks of enthusiasm and enlightenment are those who break away from the dry, stiff trammels of conventional scholarship and take a walk, with the morning wind in their ears and the sunshine in their eyes, returning to the lecture-room full of freshness, courage and health. Men of affairs who carry forward large enterprises successfully through a long, strong life are not those whose trousers habitually sag at the knees under the force of an unbroken sedentary experience. Feet and legs have an inferior but enormous responsibility in working out a civilization.

When the famous man said "I take a walk," he doubtless understood the full significance of his sentence. As a civilization develops, activity is in danger of being displaced by a certain powerful yet decadent inertia. Effort falls into grooves and is guided from afar by a stationary agent who rapidly becomes a mere sitting intelligence. Renewal cannot come to a fixed point; change is progress or retrogression; but there must be change; the individual, the community, the nation, the world must accept it and make the most of it.

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A NEW WRITER AND MR. CABLE

A FEW years ago, when I was the "literary editor"—to use the pompous phrase—of a daily newspaper, I made the acquaintance of a clever young reporter. Now and then he reviewed a book for me. One day he remarked with a pleasant smile: "By the way, there is a new book of Princeton stories out to-day—I'm a Princeton man, you know; d'ye mind if I review it?"

"Not at all," said I; "write half a column."

It was not until the article—and a splendid eulogy it was—appeared in print a few days later that I learned that the author of Princeton Stories was the clever young reporter himself. I made up my mind then and there that that young man would get on in the world.

The Stolen Story and Other Stories (Scribner's) is that clever young reporter's second book. Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams has a simple, straightforward style; he has a quiet sense of humor, and his knowledge of the highways and byways of New York, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, is "extensive and peculiar."

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The stories he has to tell are slight and simple; indeed, they are little more than sketches of newspaper life. You get the atmosphere of Park Row; you hear the rumble of the huge printing-presses—the heart of Park Row; you feel something of the lift and impulse of the strenuous, ephemeral excitement that flickers and fizzles there day by day. In fact, I know of no book that gives quite so faithful a picture of newspaper life in New York.

Mr. Williams shows not only its difficulty and fascination, but, as well, the pathos and shabby tragedy of it all. Park Row—unless it be Fleet Street—is the saddest street in the world. You wonder the very stones do not cry out with the pity of it all—the young hearts broken, the young hopes killed, the ambitions and lives that have been swept down and trampled under hurrying feet. In The Old Reporter Mr. Williams has written the eternal tragedy of Park Row. It is the best of the seven stories that make up this little volume. He traces the life of the young, bright-eyed man, who came up from the South to find his fortune, through his struggles and ephemeral successes to the failure in which it ended.

Of course there is another side to journalism, and a brighter side. The adventures of the Cub Reporter and the story of Mrs. H. Harrison Wells' Shoes are droll enough for a comic opera. On the whole, Mr. Williams has given both the lights and shades of journalism. Unquestionably it is a hard school, and only the strongest shoulder their way through. Of this you may be sure: If the young man who is thrown into New York journalism fights his way to success there is good stuff in him—the stuff out of which you could make a rough rider.

After all, stories are written to entertain. Now, Mr. Williams has written an entertaining book: were he to review it himself he could say no more.

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IT IS possible—it is even probable—that the novel of the future will not be a novel at all, but a short story. The epic in twelve books has vanished out of modern literature, and the novel in three volumes or one may follow. As a matter of fact, the good short story is a novel *in petto*. It has its problem, its climax and its denouement. It lacks only one essential of the novel—that is, the gradual growth and development of character.

The author has to take up his people at a certain fixed point in their lives—when their characters are already formed for good or evil—and show how they will act under certain circumstances. Now, Mr. George W. Cable is a novelist, rather than a writer of the short prose tale. He is more interested in character than in action. And so his short stories have an air of not being quite themselves. You have the impression that they started out to be novels and got discouraged and said: "Oh, well, we'll stop here and call ourselves short stories."

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In Strong Hearts (Scribner's) Mr. Cable has grouped three of these dwarf novels. The first is the story of a young man who cured himself of drinking too much by shutting himself up on a lonely island, around which the "sea weltered in the after-heavings of its passion" while the "beach boomed under the shock of its lofty rollers."

Then there is a long and tangled account of a frivolous lady who loved a German entomologist. All this is not very interesting, but The Taxidermist makes full amends. The dreamy old Creole, his tranquil wife, the dingy shop with its stuffed birds, are described in Mr. Cable's best manner—the manner of Doctor Sevier. The drowsy atmosphere of old New Orleans, the flowers and birds of Creole summer-time, the quiet beauty of old Pastropbon's life—all this is fiction of the highest order. It is such a picture as Gerard Dow might have painted.

That Pastropbon won the great prize in the lottery is a matter of extreme insignificance.

—VANCE THOMPSON.

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NEWS FROM BOOK-LAND

The New Hoosier Story-Teller.—Booth Tarkington, of Indianapolis, is a new author launched this month upon the sea of fame. His story is The Gentleman from Indiana, and the scene is laid in a Hoosier county-seat. Mr. Tarkington is in the twenties, and since his graduation from Princeton, in 1893, he has been dabbling in dramatic literature in Indiana, where his work aroused the heartiest commendation of James Whitcomb Riley.

This story, which is his first, is dramatic and sympathetic. It is simply told, and is more than likely to give him a high place among the new authors of the year.

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Barr's Early Literary Life.—Robert Barr has not been in this country since last May. He has lived in England for sixteen years, and now regards it as his home. He started out as a Detroit newspaper man, and went to London, in 1883, to establish the weekly edition of The Free Press. His first literary work was done under the name of Luke Sharp, and the initial number of his London edition contained an introduction to the English public by Bronson Howard, who was also a Detroit boy and had worked with Barr in the same office. Barr wrote his first books about nine years ago, but he gave up his newspaper work only two years ago.

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Mrs. Rohlfs' "Copy."—Anna Katharine Green, known in private life as Mrs. Charles Rohlfs, lives with her family in Buffalo. It has been twenty-one years since The Leavenworth Case was printed, and the novelist has kept at her work ever since with remarkable industry and success.

Mrs. Rohlfs is the only writer of note who sends her manuscript to her publishers on large sheets of brown paper written in a bold hand with a soft lead pencil. Most authors have their "copy" type-written, but Mrs. Rohlfs holds to the same methods she pursued before her first success made her famous.

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Shakespeare's Sonnets.—Here's a new Shakespearean theory, advanced by former Judge Jesse Johnson, of the New York bar.

The Judge takes the decidedly novel view that Shakespeare's sonnets were written not by him, but to him by a friend, and the oddest part of the thing is that the Judge takes his theory seriously.

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Booming Doctor Van Dyke.—The publishing of books, like most other vocations, is conducted on strictly business lines, and when an author becomes famous through any act his books are pushed promptly to the front. A case in point is that of the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who was recently hesitating between his pastorate of the Brick Church, in New York, and a Johns Hopkins professorship, and is now deciding between his charge and a chair in Princeton.

These offers have given the Doctor considerable publicity of late, and his publishers are advertising a magazine story from his pen; another publisher announces a Christmas Legend of Long Ago, and a third concern promises The Gospel for a World of Sin.

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THE MAN OF LAS GUASIMAS

A SKETCH OF GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

By JOSEPH A. CARR
Late First Lieutenant Rough Riders

WE WERE standing, a number of us, about our tents at San Antonio, laughing, joking, passing the time, each after his own inclination. One of the men—a wealthy fellow from the Southwest and a noted bronco-buster—jumped upon one of the newly arrived ponies to take a spin about town and incidentally to subdue the bronco. He had gone only a few yards when the mad little animal broke from his control, and, running against a tree with tremendous force, threw his rider to the ground.

We made a rush to rescue the fallen trooper, but Colonel Wood, who ran so swiftly that he seemed fairly to fly, outstripped us all. As carefully as a mother lifts her child from the cradle he lifted the poor fellow in his great, strong arms, and carrying him to his own tent ministered to him with such tenderness, such sympathy and skill, such consideration—the man might have been a Major-General—there was hardly a dry eye among those who watched.

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That was the first act which endeared Colonel Wood to the Rough Riders, but it was not the last. He expected every man under him to do his duty; he stimulated them all to their utmost. He indulged in no maudlin sentiment, but he was constantly giving evidence of his own unselfishness; and when one of the men was wounded, the Colonel was so kind, so solicitous, that some of the boys would have been glad of a slight wound just to be the objects of his sympathy.

In the early days of the war I acted as Colonel Wood's Sergeant-Major, and, shortly after the incident related above, was seated with him one evening in his tent. Our accoutrements had not yet arrived, but we were drilled constantly. The men were disciplined as much as possible. A private, holding a stick in his hand instead of a musket, paced up and down on guard before the tent. Suddenly the flap was pulled aside and the tall, grizzly fellow walked in.

"Are yer Wood?" he asked, coming up to the Colonel.

"Yes, I am Wood," responded the Commander, looking up kindly. "What can I do for you?"

"Nawthin'," answered the uninvited visitor. "I jest come in ter shake yer hand and to tell yer thet the boys all like yer. Didn't know how we would at first, but after the way yer treated thet pore feller t'other day we know yer all right, all right."

"Thank you, my man," answered the Colonel, grasping his hand; "but don't you think you had better return to your duty?"

•

When a regiment of Rough Riders was proposed everybody commented upon Colonel Roosevelt's surrendering the first place, which he might have had, to his friend and comrade, Colonel Wood. Nothing more clearly shows the rare wisdom of the man. He could have found none more thoroughly versed in military matters, none who better understood the men in the regiment.

A Harvard graduate, he knew, as only a college man can, the University men who flocked to San Antonio as soon as it was known that the troops would rendezvous there; an officer under Miles in the West, who had hunted the Apache Kid all through Arizona and New Mexico, and had forced Geronimo into the mountain fastnesses, he was entirely familiar with the methods, the point of view, the character of the Western men, and from the first he was their idol.

There is not to be found a better disciplinarian. His Indian fighting has made him a practical tactician, and he has abundance of personal magnetism. His sympathy is boundless; he knows men as few people are privileged to do; he sees the best in them and brings the best out of them. I never knew a purer man in deed and thought. Not one of the Rough Riders but was better for associating with him. His moral influence was tremendous, and I doubt if there was a man in the whole regiment who would do anything of which the Commander disapproved.

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The most notable characteristic of General Wood is his power, both mental and physical. His body is like iron, his nerves like steel, and his mind clear, active and alert. It did not take the recent war to develop the stuff that was in him. He had already made a record that most men would be glad to retire upon when he took command of the Rough Riders, and had been awarded a medal of honor by Congress for his gallantry.

More than ten years ago, when Geronimo was murdering every one who came across his path, Wood, then a Surgeon, took command of a detachment of the Eighth Infantry and caught that bloody murderer after a chase, the horrors and misery of which have never been told—horrors greater by far than any suffering in our late war. He had scarcely disposed of Geronimo before he was called upon to pursue another band of Apaches, and two years later he was put on the track of the notorious Apache Kid, whom he finally captured.

In a word, General Wood is a hero. Every man who fought under him knew it, and there is not one of them who will not rejoice at any new honor that comes to him.

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Before San Juan, Wood rode one of those venerable animals that would not go out of a walk even if a cannon were fired underneath it. The old nag was neither fast enough nor spirited enough to suit the Colonel, so he dismounted, and winding the reins about his arm, promenaded up and down the lines; when the poor old creature got stuck he would give him a jerk to pull him along. Of course he was a target for the enemy's fire, who spotted him at once as an officer because of the horse he had in tow, but he was as calm as if sitting in his own drawing-room, and the bullets that flew round him never made him flinch; indeed, he did not seem to notice them. Not a trace of excitement was observable in his manner.

There was never a more just commander; never a more fearless or a braver one. He would not order a man to do anything which he was not willing to do himself, and he was more than generous in praising the accomplishments of his subordinates.

But if he was a brilliant commanding officer, he is scoring an equal triumph as Governor of Santiago. He has, truly, a most happy faculty for managing his men. His great soul, his repose of manner, his personal dignity compel respect and obedience. The Cubans must note and appreciate his constant vigilance in their interest, and it will end by his becoming, what he deserves to be—the most popular official in the island.

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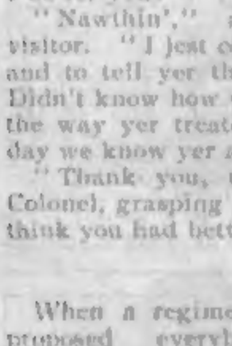

JOSEPH A. CARR,

who entered Colonel Wood's regiment of Rough Riders as a private, received on the day of his enlistment the rank of Sergeant-Major, was subsequently made First Lieutenant of Volunteers for "invaluable service rendered in organizing the regiment," breveted a Captain for his gallantry at Las Guasimas, a Major for his conduct at San Juan, was one of the bravest in that regiment of brave men. This gallant young officer comes of a military family on his mother's side, and is the sixth generation to hold a commission in the United States Army.

Mr. Carr and Lieutenant Goodrich were the only officers to accompany Colonel Roosevelt up San Juan hill, and in a recent paper on the Rough Riders that Commander compliments his subaltern.

Lieutenant Carr is slender, almost frail in appearance, and yet in the thick of that terrible firing at San Juan his companions tell of him that he never flinched. Toward the end of this engagement he was seriously wounded and for days hovered between life and death, his condition being exaggerated by his anxiety to return and join his regiment, a privilege denied him, because the war had finished by the time he had sufficiently recovered from his wounds to again take the field.

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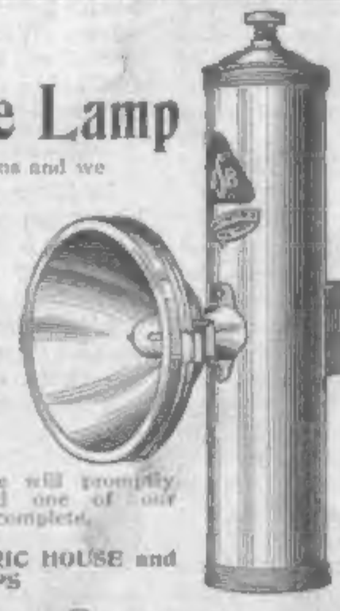

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